GRADED LITERATURE READERS

SECOND BOOK

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO.
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GRADED LITERATURE READERS

SECOND BOOK

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MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO., PUBLISHERS
29, 31, and 33 EAST 19TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Kate put out her hand to touch the doll. [*See Page 101.*]

GRADED LITERATURE READERS

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PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons about scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color—many of them photographs from nature —will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard

in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

INTRODUCTION

It has been possible in the Second Reader to give more selections of a purely literary character than in the First. Among less familiar stories it has been thought wise to include a number of the old-time favorites, which are perennially fresh and charming to children.

Some of the stories are rather longer than those usually given for this grade. These have been found more interesting to pupils than the usual short and fragmentary selections. Any inconvenience which might arise from their length is removed by their careful division into sections and by inserting section numbers in the word lists of the longer stories.

The lists at the head of the lessons include all new words, except simple derivatives formed by the addition of one or two letters to the primitives. Pupils are taught the formation of these by simple exercises early in the book.

Some lessons may appear a little difficult owing to the number of words at the head of the selections. It has been thought better, however, to include every one of the new words. The teacher will exercise her own discretion as to assigning them for study. In actual use the book will be found no higher in grade than other books which omit word lists entirely or give only a few of the more difficult words at the head of each lesson.

The frequent language and phonetic exercises are varied and suggestive, and are devised so that the teacher can expand or contract them at will. Words which do not occur in the text of the reading lessons proper, are occasionally used in the phonetic exercises to give practice in combining familiar sounds.

The last pages are given to a list of words used in this book which were not in the First Reader. This will be valuable for review and for drill in pronunciation and spelling; it will also prepare the pupil for the use of a dictionary.

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dȯn*e* wā*i*t mī*gh*t sh*ou*ld
co*ŭ*s′*i*n färm′ẽr bĕt′tẽr

The Larks and the Farmer

1. A lark once had her nest in a wheat field. Every day she flew off to find food for her young ones.

2. One day when she was away the farmer came into the field.

3. "This wheat is ripe," he said. "I will get my friends to help me cut it."

4. When the lark came home, her young ones chirped, "O mother, we must fly away at once. The farmer has gone for his friends. They are to help him cut his wheat."

5. "Oh," said their mother, "then we can stay here a little longer."

6. After a time the farmer came again.

"My friends have not come," he said. "It will be better not to wait for them. I will go to my cousins and get them to help me."

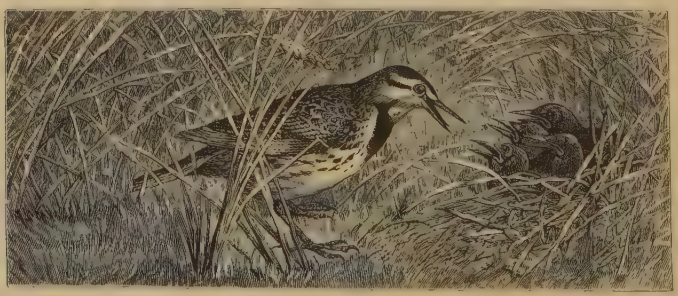
7. That night, the little larks said, "O mother, the farmer has gone to get his cousins to help him. Must we go now?"

8. "Oh, no," said the mother. "We can still stay a little longer."

9. In a day or two the farmer came back. "My cousins have not come," he said. "This work should be done at once. I see I might as well do it myself. In the morning I will come and cut this wheat."

10. That night the young larks said, "O mother, the farmer says he will cut the wheat himself. Should we not go?"

11. "Yes, my children," said the mother lark. "Now we must fly away at once. The wheat is sure to be cut. The farmer is to do it himself."



"What a good soldier," said Frank.

kĕpt	bŏx	kĭt′ten	rĕd′dĕr
prĕssed	hăt	squēak	wo͝od

The Good Soldier

1. The soldier was made of wood. He had a red coat and a black hat.

2. He stood still and held up his gun. He never took his eyes away from Frank's toy kitten.

3. The kitten sat on a little box. When any one pressed the box, there was a squeak.

4. You might think it was the kitten that squeaked. Maybe the little soldier could tell if it was the kitten, but he did not.

5. Frank had set the soldier to watch the kitten. As long as the soldier held up his gun and kept his eyes on her, she did not try to run away.

6. But if he had put down his gun, who knows what she would have done?

7. "What a good little soldier!" said Frank. "I can run out and play now, for he will watch my kitten."

8. "Yes," said Frank's mother; "he will watch better than a little boy I know. The little boy was to watch the baby. But he went off to play with his ball, and let the baby burn its hand."

9. The little soldier still stood there, and did not say a word. He kept on looking at the kitten. His coat looked as red as ever, but Frank's face was redder. Frank was thinking of the baby's hand.

---

sing	sang	sung	song
ring	rang	rung	long
king	hang	hung	gong

In the barn she used to frolic.

rō*w*	crō*w*	pē*a*rl	frŏl′ĭc	spī*e*d
à gō′	frō	tē*e*th	mous′ĭ*e*	bĭt

Little Kitty

1. Once there was a little kitty,
   White as the snow;
   In the barn she used to frolic,
   Long time ago.

2. In the barn a little mousie
   Ran to and fro;
   For she heard the kitty coming,
   Long time ago.

3. Two black eyes had little kitty,
   Black as a crow;
   And they spied the little mousie,
   Long time ago.

4. Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
   All in a row;
   And they bit the little mousie,
   Long time ago.

5. When the teeth bit little mousie,
   Little mouse cried, "Oh!"
   But she got away from kitty,
   Long time ago.

---

cry cried spy spied

Copy and memorize:

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

pēo′ple	stâirṣ	crŭm*b*	lāt*e*	dō*o*r
ẽ*a*r′lў	mēet	a̤l′wa̤y*s*	hĭl*l*	few

A Bird's Story

I

1. Would you like to hear me tell a story? I will tell you where I live, what I do, and what I see.

2. My little round house is up in a tree. It has no doors, no upstairs, and no downstairs.

3. "Oh, oh!" I hear you say. "We think your house must be all upstairs, for it is a long way up in the tree."

4. But you see I do not go up any stairs to get to my house. I fly into it when I have been out.

5. I always go home early. I never sit up late at night. That is not good for me any more than it is good for boys and girls.

Birds asleep

II

6. I go out very early in the morning to look for something to eat.

That is the best time to find worms which I like very much.

A robin catching a worm

7. Now and then I find a few crumbs which some kind little boy or girl has put out for me.

8. As I fly about, I see all kinds of things and people.

9. I see horses, cows, sheep, dogs, and rabbits in the fields. I see people going to work, and children going to school.

10. You like to go out for a walk, but I go out for a fly. How queer it would be if you were to fly home from school!

11. I should not like to meet you up in the air. But I know I shall not, for you have no wings.

People going to work

12. I can fly over the houses, over the trees, and over the hills and far away.

13. I cannot stay to tell you any more now. I must fly home to my nest.

ȧnt	wīṣe	dȧnçe	ĕx pĕct′	throu*gh*
fu*l*l	lā′zў	*k*nŏcke*d*	grȧss′hŏp pĕr	bōth

The Ant and the Grasshopper

I

1. An ant and a grasshopper both lived in a field. In summer the ant worked to lay up food for winter. The grasshopper played all day long.

2. "Why do you work so hard, friend Ant?" he asked. "I dance and sing all day. Come and play with me. It is very pleasant."

3. "Yes," said the ant, "but if I play in summer, what shall I do for food in winter?"

4. "Oh, it is not winter yet," said the grasshopper, and off he went to play.

II

5. But at last winter came. The ant could not work, and the grasshopper could not play. But the ant had her house full of food.

6. The poor grasshopper was both cold and hungry. So he went to the ant to ask for food.

He knocked at the door.

7. "Who is there?" called the ant.

"Your friend, the grasshopper. I have come to ask for something to eat."

8. "I have no food to give you. You sang all through the summer when I was at work. Now you may go and dance."

9. She was a wise ant and what she said was true.

10. Lazy people should not expect others to work for them. They should work for themselves.

Write answers to these questions:

What did the ant do in summer?
What was the grasshopper doing then?
What did the grasshopper do in winter?
What did he say to the ant?
What did the ant say to him?

nīçe′lў	mĭd′dle	hōpe	nĕxt
rōam	bē̆ fōre′	ĕnd	hōld

The New Moon

1. Dear mother, how pretty
   The moon looks to-night!
She was never so pretty before;
   Her two little horns
   Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

2. If I were up there,
   With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
   I'd sit in the middle
   And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

3. And there we would stay
   In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
   We would see the sun set,
   And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

kĭng tōld līve̤s māid news
shō*w* rī*ght* hāst*e* pärt

Chicken-little

I

1. One day Chicken-little went to the woods, where she had no right to be. As she was scratching about, an acorn fell upon her head.

2. "Oh, dear," she said, "the sky is falling! I must run and tell the king."

3. So off she ran as fast as she could. Soon she met Hen-len.

Chicken-little and Hen-len

4. "Hen-len, Hen-len!" she cried. "The sky is falling. I saw it; I heard it; and part of it fell on my poor head. Let us go and tell the king."

Cock-lock

5. So Hen-len ran with her. Then they met Cock-lock.

6. "O Cock-lock," said Hen-len, "run with us! The sky is falling."

7. "Why! How do you know?" asked Cock-lock.

8. "Chicken-little told me. She saw it; she heard it; and part of it fell on her poor head."

II

9. Then all three ran as fast as they could. On the way they met Duck-luck.

10. "Where are you going in such great haste?" she asked.

Duck-luck

11. "O Duck-luck, run with us! The sky is falling," Cock-lock said.

"Who told you so?" asked Duck-luck.

12. "Hen-len told me. She had the news from Chicken-little. Chicken-little saw it and heard it, and part of it fell on her poor head."

13. So Duck-luck ran with them. Soon they met Drake-lake.

Drake-lake

14. "O Drake-lake," said Duck-luck, "have you not heard that the sky is falling?"

"No, no!" cried Drake-lake. "Who said so?"

15. "Cock-lock told me," said Duck-luck, "and Hen-len told him. Hen-len had it from Chicken-little; she saw it and heard it, and part of it fell on her poor head."

III

Goose-loose

16. And so all four ran as if for their lives. Then they met Goose-loose.

17. "Come, Goose-loose," cried Drake-lake, "run with us to the king. The sky is falling."

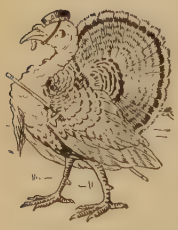
18. "How do you know?" asked Goose-loose.

"Duck-luck told me."

"And how did Duck-luck know?"

19. "Cock-lock told her. He heard it from Hen-len, who had it from Chicken-little. Chicken-little saw it and heard it, and part of it fell on her poor head."

Gander-lander



Turkey-lurkey

20. They ran on till they met Gander-lander. When they told him their story, he ran with them. Then they met Turkey-lurkey. He too ran with them. So they all ran and ran.

IV

21. At last they met Fox-lox.

"Where are you going, my pretty maids?"

said he, "and why are you running so fast?"

22. "O Fox-lox!" cried all of them at once. "The sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

23. "That is great news," said Fox-lox. "Come with me and I will show you the way."

24. So they all went with him. But he only took them into his den. Then he and his little ones ate up poor Chicken-little, Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey. So they never saw the king to tell him that the sky was falling.

They all went with him.

Chicken-little	Duck-luck	Gander-lander
Hen-len	Drake-lake	Turkey-lurkey
Cock-lock	Goose-loose	Fox-lox

"It's time for you to fly."

The Robins

1. One day the sun was warm and bright,
No cloud was in the sky;
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
It's time for you to fly."
And every little robin said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

2. I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says, "Do this, or that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."

hụr räh′	spēak	ġĕn′tle
an̲′grў	tọ-dāy′	ŏf′ten
fā′thẽr	ĕeh′ō	plāy′māte

The Voice in the Wood

I

1. Albert was at play all by himself in a field near a wood. He was so happy that he called out, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

2. A voice from the wood said, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

3. Albert thought the voice came from some boy in the wood. He looked all about, but could not see any one. Then he called out, "Who are you?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!"

4. "Who are you?" said the voice.

5. "What is your name?" called Albert.

"What is your name?" came back from the wood.

6. Albert was getting angry. So he called out at the top of his voice, "You are a goose."

Back came the voice, "You are a goose."

7. At this Albert was very angry. He looked everywhere; no one was to be seen.

II

8. So he went home and told his father that some one in the wood had called him names.

"Did he speak first?" asked his father.

9. "No," said Albert. "I was just calling out 'Hurrah!' and he began to say 'Hurrah!' too. I could not see him, so I asked 'Who are you?' Then he called out 'Who are you?' And everything I said he said after me."

10. "There was only one boy there, Albert," said his father, "and that was yourself.

"What you heard to-day was the echo of your voice. If you had used kind and gentle words, you would have heard kind and gentle words from the echo.

11. "This was the echo from the wood, Albert. But you will often hear an echo from your playmates. They will speak to you as you do to them. Try always to speak to them as you wish them to speak to you."

lē*af*	mouth	brē*a*th*e*	brânch	shĕl*l*
ō′pen	drĕs*s*	blăn′kĕt	*w*răp*p*ed	weâr
clōs*e*	brēe*ze*	brô*ugh*t	Jăck Frŏst	

The Story of a Leaf

I

1. I am a leaf. My home is in a great tree. All winter I was wrapped close and warm in a blanket. I was in a little brown cradle rocked by the breeze.

Leaf buds

2. Would you like to see a leaf cradle? Next autumn break off a branch of a tree, and see if you cannot find a leaf bud.

3. Break it open and you will see in it some soft white down. That is the blanket. The little leaf is wrapped warm and close in it. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

A leaf bud cut open

4. I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the bough. Then spring came with its warm sunshine and soft rains.

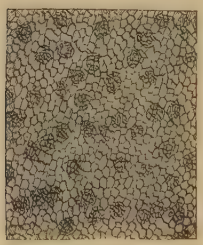
5. I threw off my blanket, got up out of

my cradle, and put on my pretty green dress. I was no longer a baby leaf.

II

6. Then I wanted food. How do you think I got it?

7. The roots of the tree found some for me. The stems and branches and boughs brought it up to me. Some of my food I get for myself from the air.



Breathing pores of a leaf

8. I have many mouths. They are so little that you cannot see them. But I could not do without them. Could you do without your one big mouth?

9. I take in food through my little mouths, and I breathe through them, too. Like you, I must breathe as well as eat if I am to live and grow.

10. I had on my pretty green dress all summer. Now it is autumn, and Jack Frost has dressed me in other colors. I shall not wear these colors very long.

11. I must go down to the ground and

put on my brown winter dress. My work up here will be ended, but I shall have work to do down there.

12. Did you think that all I had to do was to dance in the wind and play in the sunshine? I work all the year round. See if you can find out some of the work that I do.

A horse chestnut leaf

Copy these sentences and fill in the missing words:

In —— the leaf is in the little leaf cradle.

In —— the warm sunshine and rain make the leaf grow.

In —— the leaf wears a green dress.

In —— the leaf is dressed in yellow.

Copy the words at the head of this lesson.

Use these words in sentences:

leaf blanket dress mouth

---

bring	bringing	brought
think	thinking	thought
buy	buying	bought

sŏng	loud	ẽ*a*rth′y̆	flŭt′tẽr y̆ng	knew
lā*i*d	ō′*e*r	cŏn tẽnt′	cȯv′ẽr lĕt	gōld

The Wind and the Leaves

1. "Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

3. Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER

I	pīn*e*	mōst	II	bâr*e*	pi*ēç′ĕs*
	fŏr′ĕst	à wōk*e′*		cŏv′ẽr*ed*	III frĕsh
	nē*e′*dl*e*	fīn*e*		glăs*s*	gō*at*
	ē′v*en*	quīt*e*		brō′k*en*	săd

The Little Pine Tree

I

1. There was once a pretty little pine tree in the forest. It had needles that were green all the year round. But it was not content with these.

2. "I do not like needles," said the little tree. "They are nōt even so pretty as leaves.

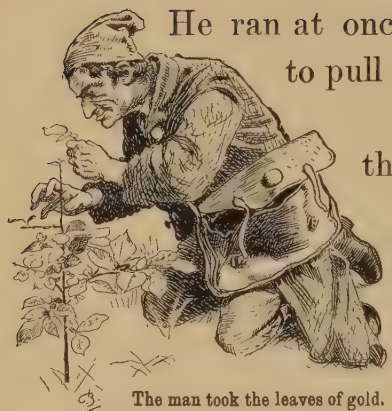
3. "I should like to be the most beautiful tree in the forest. I should like to have leaves of shining gold."

4. The next morning when the little tree awoke, it no longer had needles. It had leaves of gold, which shone in the sunlight. How happy it was!

5. "No other tree is so fine as I am," it said, and that was quite true.

II

6. But after a while a man walking through the forest saw the leaves of gold.



The man took the leaves of gold.

He ran at once to the tree and began to pull them off.

7. When he went away, the poor little tree was quite bare.

8. "I see it is not well to have gold leaves," it said. "They are very beautiful, but I should like something people would not take from me.

9. "I wish I had leaves of glass. They would be pretty, and yet no one would want to take them."

10. The next morning when the little tree awoke, it was covered with leaves of glass. They shone in the sunlight.

11. "These leaves are much better than gold ones," it said, "and they are quite as beautiful."

12. But when the wind began to blow, the glass leaves were knocked against one another. Soon they were all broken to pieces. When night came, the little tree was again without a leaf.

13. "Leaves of gold and of glass are pretty," it said, "but they are not the best kind. I should like to have green leaves like the other trees."

III

14. The next morning when the little pine tree awoke, it had green leaves like the other trees. Its young, fresh leaves were even more beautiful than theirs.

15. "After all, green leaves are best," it said. "Now I am like the other trees, but more beautiful."

16. But after a while a goat came by. He was hungry and the leaves of the little tree were fresh and sweet. So the goat ate them all. That night the little tree was again without a leaf.

The goat ate them all.

17. It was very sad; it said, "Gold leaves are fine, glass leaves are pretty, and green

leaves are good for other trees. But after all my needles were best for me. How I wish I could have them back again!"

18. The next morning when the little tree awoke, it had its needles once more. It was so glad to have them again that it laughed, and all the other trees of the forest laughed with it.

19. And always after that the little tree was contented.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN

Copy and fill in the missing words:

The first leaves the little tree had were of ——.

Next it had leaves of ——.

Then it had leaves of ——.

At last it was glad to have its —— back.

---

wish	gold	pond	night	would
fish	hold	fond	right	could
dish	told	bond	sight	should

May came back crying.

sāme	hăp′pen	flōor	fŏr gĕt′
dĕad	fĭn′ĭsh	rōōm	lĕs′son
shŭt	min′ute	lĕft	hăb′ĭt

In a Minute

1. Little May had one bad habit. If you asked her to do anything, she would say, "In a minute."

2. If her mother said, "May, dear, bring me my coat," she would say, "Yes, mother, in a minute."

3. And even if her father called her for

a ride, it was the same. She never did at once what she was told to do.

4. One day May's bird was flying about the room. Some one went out and left the door open.

5. May's mother said, "Shut the door, my dear."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said May. "I only want to finish this story."

6. But the cat did not wait. In she came, and with one jump had the bird in her mouth.

7. Down went the book on the floor, and away ran May after the cat.

Soon poor May came back crying, with the dead bird in her hand.

8. Her mother was sad, too, but she said, "My dear little girl, you see that a great many things may happen in a minute."

9. It was a sad lesson for May, but it was one she did not forget.

---

wait	maid	rain	dear	roam
gait	paid	gain	fear	foam
bait	raid	pain	near	loam

Sheep

wīf*e*	sŏr′rў	nīç*e*	strē*a*m	clē*a*n
fē*e*d	lăm*b*	pĕt	cō*a*rse	clŏth
wo͝ol	plā*y*′fụl		grănd′mo͝th ẽr	

Sheep

I

1. Have you ever seen sheep feeding in the meadows? It is pleasant to watch them. The sheep feed on the green grass. The little lambs play about them.

2. Sometimes the man who looks after the sheep has a dog to help him. This dog makes the sheep go where the man wants them to go. The dog will not let anything hurt them.

3. A lamb is a nice pet. It is gentle and playful. It will run after you and will feed from your hand.

A lamb is a nice pet.

II

4. Sheep are covered with long hair called wool. This keeps them warm in winter.

5. In summer the farmer takes the sheep

to a stream and washes them. This makes their wool clean and white. Then he cuts it off.

6. The sheep are not sorry to give up their warm coats in summer. Before winter comes back, they will have new ones.

7. The farmer sends the wool to the mill. There it is made into cloth. From this cloth the coat you wear is made. So you see your new coat is made out of the sheep's old one.

His wife made it into cloth.

8. When your great grandmother was a little girl, the farmer did not take the wool to a mill. His wife made it into cloth at home.

9. The farmer and his wife and children had coats and dresses made from this cloth.

10. A goat looks a little like a sheep. But the goat's hair is coarse, while the sheep's wool is fine and soft.

What is wool?

Name some things that are made of wool.

Royalston, N. J., Oct. 14, 1899

Dear May,

What a good time we had today! Aunt Mary said as it was Saturday, we might go to the woods for chestnuts.

After we had filled our baskets, Cousin Frank built a fire and roasted some chestnuts. How good they were!

When we got home, Aunt Mary told us the story of the cat, monkey, and chestnuts.

Have you ever been nutting? What do you do on Saturdays?

Your loving friend,

Kate White

COPY THIS LETTER AND WRITE A REPLY TO IT.

sŏft′lў noiṣe pret′ti er gŏŏd-bȳe′

Good-bye, Pretty Butterfly

1. Butterflies are pretty things,
Prettier than you or I;
See the color on their wings—
Who would hurt a butterfly?

2. Softly, softly, girls and boys,
He'll come near us by and by;
Here he is, don't make a noise—
We'll not hurt you, butterfly!

3. Not to hurt a living thing
Let all little children try.
So, again he's on the wing;
Good-bye, pretty butterfly!

She stood at the window to watch them.

I Chrĭst′mas fĕlt à frāid′ pĕcked
hŏp′pĭng plăn bàs′kĕt III fĕd
wĭn′dō*w* strēet II prĕṣ′ent plāç*e*
sŭp pōṣ*e*′ Bĕs′sĭ*e* ē′ven ĭng

Bessie and the Birds

I

1. It was Christmas morning. The ground was white with snow. The poor hungry birds could not get anything to eat.

2. Bessie looked out of the window and saw them hopping about the street. They were looking for food.

3. Bessie was a kind little girl. She felt sorry for the poor birds. She wanted to ask them to come into her warm home. But she knew that they were afraid to do this.

4. What could she do to help them? At last she thought of a plan. What do you suppose it was?

5. "Mamma," she said, "may I make a Christmas tree for the birds?"

"How can you do that?" asked her mother.

6. "Oh, I will take the little Christmas tree I had last night. I will put it outside the window. Then I will hang on it little baskets full of crumbs and seeds for the birds."

7. "That will be a very good way," said her mother.

II

8. So Bessie put the little tree outside the window. Then she put her presents on it for the birds.

9. At first the birds did not come to the tree. They did not know it was for them.

But by and by two or three came near and looked at it.

10. They pecked some of the seeds and crumbs. Then they flew off to tell the other birds about their Christmas tree. Soon there were many birds at the tree to get their presents.

11. They liked the crumbs of bread as much as Bessie had liked her presents the evening before. They chirped their thanks to Bessie as she stood at the window to watch them.

12. "I am glad we have made the birds so happy, mamma," she said. "We will let the little tree stay here at the window, will we not?

13. "Every day I will give some of my bread to the birds. I will put the crumbs in the baskets for them."

III

14. Her father and mother were glad to see that she was so kind. But her father said, "After all, Bessie, what good can you do?

15. "There are many hungry birds in the world. You can feed only a few near your

home. Even if you and I gave all our bread, we could not feed all the hungry birds."

16. This made little Bessie very sad. After a while she said, "It is true, papa, I cannot feed all the birds. But there are many other little children all over the world who like to feed them.

17. "I will give crumbs to the birdies here every cold day. Then, if the other children give crumbs in other places, all the dear little birds will be fed. Will they not, papa?"

Write the names of three girls you know.
Write the names of three boys you know.

Copy and memorize:

Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;
If at work or if at play,
Always speak the truth.

---

black	peck	pick	rock	duck
pack	neck	lick	lock	luck
rack	speck	sick	sock	buck

chāse snăp hŭnt hŭnt′ẽr lēast hŭn′drĕd
trĭck făt fāil dĭn′nẽr lŏst färm′house

One Good Trick

1. One day a cat and a fox met in the woods.

2. "Good day, Mr. Fox," said the cat. "I hope you are well."

"Very well, I thank you," said the fox.

3. "You have seen much of the world, I suppose," said the cat.

4. "Oh, yes. I know all the country round. I can find my way by night to all the farm-houses. Sometimes I go to a hen-house and catch a fine hen.

5. "Sometimes I hide near the duck-pond. When a fat duck comes near me—snap! quack!—I have her in my mouth; and a very good dinner she makes."

6. "You must be a great hunter," said the cat; "but they say men sometimes hunt you. What do you do when they chase you with their dogs?"

7. "Oh," said the fox, "I can run very

fast, and I know many tricks to get out of their way. I am sure the dogs can never catch me. Why, I know at least a hundred tricks. How many do you know?"

8. "I know only one," said the cat. "If that fails, I am a lost cat."

"Poor pussy!" said the fox.

9. Just then they heard the horn of the hunters, and up came the dogs. The fox ran this way and that way. He tried all his tricks, but he was caught and killed at last.

One good trick

10. The cat ran up a tree, and the dogs could not get her. That was her one trick.

"I see," said she, "that one good trick is better than a hundred poor ones."

Copy the words at the head of this lesson.

Copy:

One good trick is better than a hundred poor ones.

Biggest Gruff ran at the troll.

I	bĭl′lў	trōl*l*	trĭp trăp	III	trămp′ĭng
	Grŭf*f*	sạ*u*′çĕrṣ	gŏb′ble		tŏss*ed*
	moun′*t*aĭn	nōṣ*e*	II stĕp*pe*d		härd′lў
	brĭ*dge*	ärm	ȧ lŏng′		fạl*l*′*e*n

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

I

1. Once upon a time there were three billy goats. Their name was Gruff. There was Little Gruff and Big Gruff and Biggest Gruff.

2. One day they started up a mountain to eat the fine grass and grow fat. On their way they had to cross a bridge.

3. A troll lived under this bridge. He had eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as your arm.

4. First of all Little Gruff came to cross the bridge.

"*Trip trap! trip trap!*" went the bridge as he crossed it.

5. "Who is that tripping over my bridge?" roared the angry troll.

6. "It is only I, Little Gruff. I am going up the mountain to make myself fat," said the little billy goat with his little voice.

7. "Now I am coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

8. "Oh, no! don't take me. I am too little," said the billy goat. "Wait till Big Gruff comes. He is much bigger."

"Well, be off with you," said the troll.

II

9. A little while after Big Gruff came to cross the bridge.

"TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP!" went the bridge as he stepped on it.

10. "Who is that stepping on my bridge?" roared the troll.

11. "Oh! it is Big Gruff who is going up the mountain to make himself fat," said the big billy goat with his loud voice.

12. "Now I am coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"Oh, no! don't take me. Wait till Biggest Gruff comes along; he is much bigger than I."

13. "Very well; be off with you," said the troll.

III

14. At last Biggest Gruff came to cross the bridge.

"TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP!" went the bridge as he walked on it.

15. "Who is that tramping on my bridge?" roared the troll.

16. "It is I, Biggest Gruff, going up the mountain to make myself fat," he said with his great voice.

17. "Now I am coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

18. "Very well; come on and gobble me, if you can," said Biggest Gruff.

19. The troll came from under the bridge. But Biggest Gruff ran at him and caught him on his horns and tossed him over into the river. No one ever saw the troll again.

They could hardly walk home.

20. Then Biggest Gruff went up the mountain with his brothers. They ate the fine grass and got so fat that they could hardly walk home again.

If the fat hasn't fallen off, they are fat still.

---

big	bigger	biggest

Use these words in sentences:

bird	dead	crying	minute
sheep	wool	cloth	farmer

---

trip	drink	grass	rip
trap	drank	gruff	rap

wŏn′dĕr fụl nŏn*e* gōld′e̅n dē*a*l rĭch

The Goose and the Golden Eggs

1. A man once had a goose. She looked like any other goose, but she was a wonderful bird. Every day she laid an egg of shining gold.

The man was growing rich.

2. The man was growing rich, but not so fast as he wished. He wanted to have a great deal of gold all at once. Then he would never have to do any more work.

3. "I am sure," he said to himself, "there must be a great many eggs inside my goose. I think she must be all gold inside."

4. So one day he killed her.

But when he looked for the gold, there was none to be seen. And that was the end of his goose and her golden eggs.

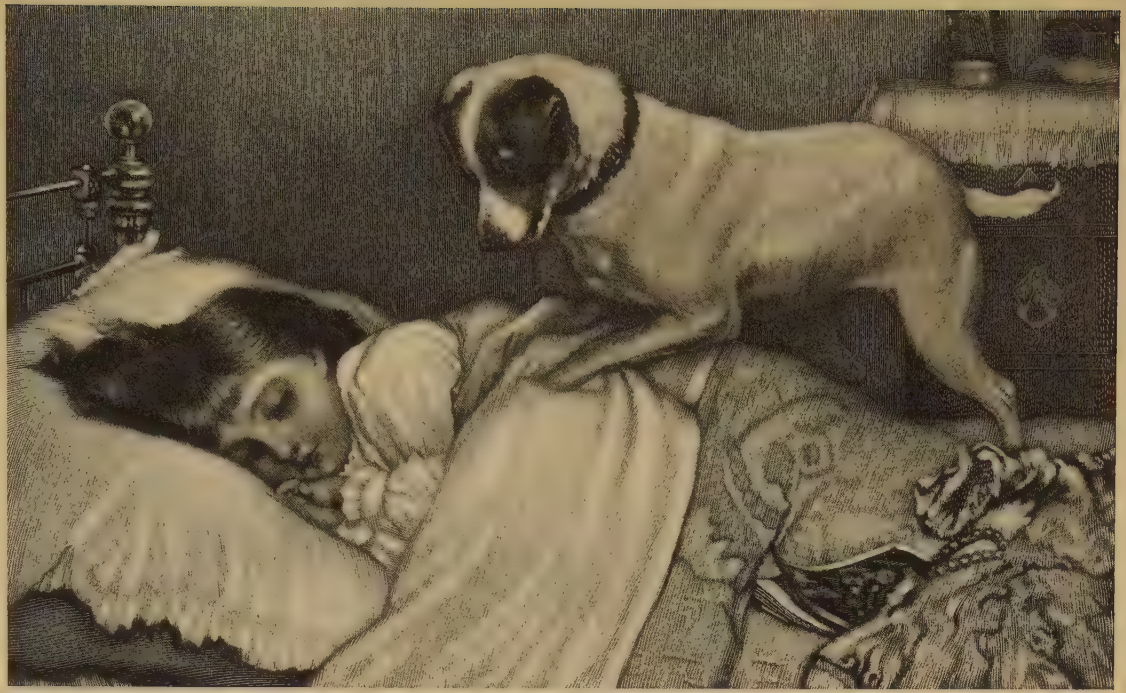
mĕr′rў hĕ*a*lth′ў fō*l*k

How to Do It

1. Do you want to be happy and gay, little man,
   Do you want to be happy and gay?
   Then do a kind deed every day, little man,
   Then do a kind deed every day.

2. Do you want to be merry and glad, little maid,
   Do you want to be merry and glad?
   Then speak a bright word to the sad, little maid,
   Then speak a bright word to the sad.

3. Do you want to be healthy and wise, little folk,
   Do you want to be healthy and wise?
   Then early to bed and to rise, little folk,
   Yes, early to bed and to rise.



From the painting by C. Burton Barber

The Morning Call

They had a pleasant game.

åft′ẽr nōōn′	drīve	drīv′ẽr	Mrs.
prŏm′ĭse	vĭṣ′ĭt	bė̇ gĭn′	tûrn
rė̇ mĕm′bẽr	plēaṣe	Ġeôrġe	äunt

The Way to have a Good Game

I

1. "There is to be no school this afternoon, mother," said George Green. "Frank is coming to see me. We shall have a good game."

2. Cousin Frank came and the boys ran out to play. It took them some time to find a game that both liked. At last George asked his cousin to play horse.

3. Frank liked to play horse, but he wished to be the driver. George wanted to be the driver himself. So there was no horse and they could not play at all.

II

4. George's mother had been watching the boys. Now she called them to her, and said, "Well, George, are you having a good game?"

5. "Not very good, mother," he said. "Can't you tell us some new game we shall both like?"

6. "I think I can tell you how to make a good game of the one you have tried."

"How, mother?" asked George.

"Do tell us, aunt," said Frank.

7. "What game have you tried, George?"

"Horse, mother; but we did not play it, for we both wanted to be the driver."

8. "Then we will begin with horse," said his mother. "Now, boys, you must do just what I say. I wish George to remember that he must do all he can to make Frank happy.

Frank must remember to do everything to make George happy."

9. Both boys said they would try to do this.

"Very well," said Mrs. Green. "Now go and play horse."

10. "But who will be the horse?" asked George. "I want to be the driver."

"So do I," said Frank.

11. "Remember your promise, boys," said Mrs. Green. The boys thought a while, and then Frank said, "I will be the horse, George."

"No, I will be the horse," said George. "You may drive if you please."

12. "You may take turns," said his mother. "George may be the horse till you have gone six times round the garden walk. Then he may drive and Frank may be the horse."

III

13. This pleased the boys, and off they ran at once to play. They had a pleasant game.

14. At last it was time for Frank to go

home. Mrs. Green asked the boys if they had found out the way to have a good game.

15. "Yes, mother," said George.

"Yes, aunt," said Frank.

"Well, what is it?"

16. "We must not think all the time of what we wish to do. We must try to make others happy. Then we shall be happy ourselves."

17. "That is it," said Mrs. Green. "I hope you will remember it. And now good-bye, Frank. You must come again soon."

18. Frank said good-bye to his aunt and cousin. He went home much pleased with his visit.

Copy and memorize:

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you, sir", and "If you please".

---

branch	crow	fresh	press
breeze	crumb	Frank	pretty

nāĭl	mĭlk	swạl′lō*w*	lī*e*	ūs*e*′fụl
cŭd	plow	ăn′ĭ mal	tō*e*	chew
hō͞of		rē′al lў		Mā′rў

A Useful Animal

I

1. "What animal is most useful to us?" asked Mr. White.

2. Some of the children said that the horse is most useful. He pulls the wagon and the plow. He does much work for us, and we like to ride him.

3. "But I think the cow is most useful," said Mary; "she gives us milk to drink. Butter and cheese are made from milk."

4. "Yes," said Henry, "and after the cow is killed, she is useful to us. She is good for food."

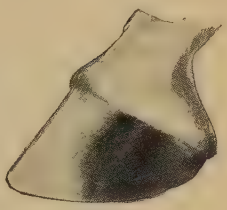
5. "That is true," said Mr. White. "As the cow does so much for us, I am sure you will like to know more about her."

Cow's hoof

II

6. "If you look at her foot, you will see that the hoof is in two pieces. It is really two hoofs, which are

the strong nails of the cow's toes. The hoof of the horse is in one piece.


Horse's hoof

7. "If you watch a cow eat, you will see that she does not bite the grass. She breaks it off and swallows it without chewing it.

8. "When she has had as much as she wants, she lies down. Then the grass comes back to her mouth, a little at a time. She chews it well with her back teeth. Then she swallows it again.

9. "This is called chewing the cud. Is it not a queer way to eat? The cow is not the only animal which does this."

10. "Oh, yes," said Henry. "I think my goat chews the cud, too."

11. "So he does," said Mr. White, "and so do sheep as well as goats."

---

use useful wonder wonderful

Tell some things that the cow does for us.

Tell what the sheep does for us.

Name other animals that are useful to us.

frĭĕnd′lў crēam wạn′dẽr strāy lōw′ĭng
ăp′ple-tärt pȧss show′ẽr wĕt blōwn

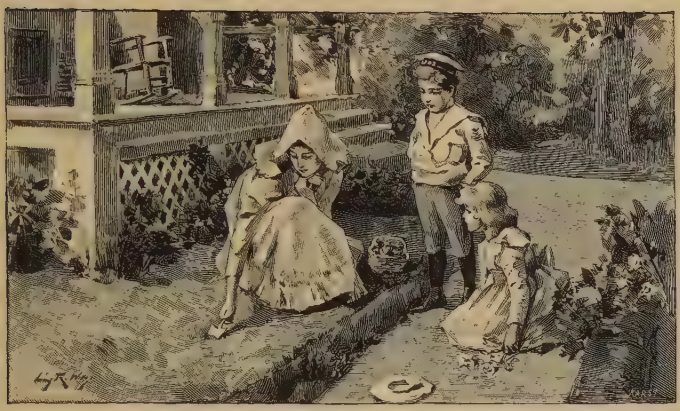
The Cow

1. The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

2. She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

3. And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Alfred watched his aunt planting the roots.

I Ăl′frĕd	smīled	III ȧ bȯve′	IV sĭs′tẽr
bus′y	lẽarn	ĭl*l*	câre
beâr	sta*l*k	dŏc′tor	joy
II dīe	ẽarth	wĕath′ẽr	

A Kind Brother

I

1. Last year, when the leaves were falling from the trees, Alfred and Mary went to visit their aunt. They found her very busy planting in the garden.

2. "Why do you plant the dead roots, aunt?" asked Alfred.

3. "They are not dead, Alfred. They will bear flowers in the spring, if the frost does

not kill them. I will give you some for your garden, if you like."

4. "Oh, thank you, aunt," said Alfred, who loved new flowers for his garden.

He watched his aunt to know how to plant his roots.

II

5. "Would you like some, too, Mary?" asked her kind aunt.

6. "No, thank you," said Mary. She was too young to know how plants and flowers grow.

7. "I want some of these pretty flowers. I will plant them in my garden when I get home."

8. "They will die," said Alfred, "for they have no roots."

9. "I don't want roots," said Mary. Her aunt smiled and gave her the flowers.

10. "Mary will know better next year, Alfred," she said. "Live and learn, you know."

11. Alfred and Mary went home and planted their gardens. Then Mary called her

mother to look at hers. It was full of gay flowers; but they had only stalks and no roots.

12. Alfred's garden made no show, but the roots were under the earth, and Alfred could wait.

"Come and look at my garden in spring, mother," he said.

III

13. At last the spring came. One bright warm day, Alfred went to see if his plants were coming up. The green leaves were opening on the trees, and the birds were busy making their nests.

14. When Alfred came to his little garden, he found that his plants were peeping above the ground.

15. "How gay my garden will be!" said Alfred, "and there is poor Mary's without a flower."

16. Now Mary had been ill in the winter. She had grown white and thin. The doctor said she must not go out till May, when the weather would be warm.

IV

17. Alfred was sorry that his sister's garden looked so bare. He thought a while, and then he said to himself, "I will put my plants in Mary's garden."

Alfred planted the roots.

18. So he took the plants out of the ground with great care. Then he put them in Mary's garden.

19. Alfred's garden was soon bare, but he was not sorry. He was happy to think how glad his little sister would be.

20. It was late in May before Mary could go out into the garden. Alfred went with her.

21. He had not told anyone what he had done, but his mother had seen it. She was glad that her boy was so kind to his sister.

22. "Alfred," said Mary, when they came to his garden, "where are your roots that were to turn to flowers?"

23. "Here they are, Mary," said Alfred. "They have all run away from me, and have come to live with you!"

Yes, there they were in her garden.

24. "O Alfred, dear, kind Alfred!" said the little girl. She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. She almost cried for joy. "I never was so happy before."

25. I think Alfred was almost as happy as she.

Copy and memorize:

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

Use these words in sentences:

goose	golden	killed	none
horse	driver	played	happy
cow	useful	chewing	hoof
spring	flowers	doctor	roots

---

arm	tart	barn	bark
farm	part	yarn	lark
harm	dart	darn	park

mȯn′key̆	rō*a*st	ē*a*ch
chĕs*t*′nŭt	crăck	pā*i*n

The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts

1. One day a cat and a monkey sat watching some chestnuts put in the fire to roast.

2. "How good they must be!" said the monkey. "I wish we had them. I am sure you can get some out. Your paws are so much like hands."

She burned her paw.

3. The cat was much pleased at these words. She put out her paw for the chestnuts. She took one out, but burned her paw.

4. "How well you did that!" said the monkey. "I am sure we can get them all."

5. So the poor cat pulled out the nuts one by one, burning her paw each time.

6. At last they were all out. Then she turned round, but only in time to see the monkey crack and eat the last of the nuts.

7. So poor pussy had only her burnt paw for her pains.

smạll strạw blīnd fĭt nēi̇th′ẽr
pāle brōōd′ĕd bē yŏnd′ lā′bor neigh′bor

Bird Thoughts

1. I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

2. I lived next in a little nest,
Nor wanted any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

3. One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
I said, "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

4. At last I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors.
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors!

I hŏŏd	III tāk′*en*	lĭs′*te*n	strĭng
cāk*e*	căp	pĭck*ed*	VI lăt*ch*
stŏp	gown	bŭz*zed*	VII ē*ar*
cŏt′tā*ge*	IV wȧsp	V ăr′rō*w*	hŭg
II wo͟lf	mū′sĭc	stra*w*′bĕr rĭe*s*	stŭng
cru͟′ĕl	fĭl*l*	wa͟′tẽr crĕs*s*	hō*ar*se

Little Red Riding Hood

I

1. In a pleasant place there once lived a little girl. She was as pretty and sweet as a rose. Her mother loved her very much. Her grandmother said the little one was the joy of her heart.

2. Her grandmother made her a little red hood. It was so pretty that the little girl would wear no other head dress. So she was called Little Red Riding Hood.

3. One day her mother baked a cake and made some fresh butter.

"Come, Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "Take this cake and butter to your grandmother. Be sure not to stop on the way."

4. Little Red Riding Hood was a good child. She liked to be of use to her mother and her

dear old grandmother. She put the butter and cake in a basket. Then she started to her grandmother's cottage on the other side of the wood.

II

5. As she came to the wood, Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood," he said.

6. He was a bad, cruel wolf and he would have liked to eat the little girl then and there. But some men were cutting wood near by, and he thought they might kill him in turn.

7. "Good morning, Mr. Wolf," said Little Red Riding Hood. She did not know how bad he was and was not afraid of him. She did not remember that she was not to stop on the way.

8. "Where are you going so early this bright morning?" asked the wolf.

9. "I am going to my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her some cake and butter."

10. "And where does your grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

11. "Down by the mill on the other side of the wood," said the little girl. "Her cottage is under the three big oak trees."

12. "I think I will go to see her, too," said the wolf. "I'll go this way and you go that, and we'll see which of us will get there first."

III

13. The wolf knew well that he had taken the best way.

14. He ran through the woods and in a little while came to the grandmother's cottage.

15. He knocked at the door with his paw. No one came.

16. He knocked again. All was still in the cottage. Then he put up his paw and opened the door.

17. There was no one in the cottage. The grandmother had gone out early in the morning. She had left her cap and nightgown on the bed.

18. "Good," said the wolf. "I know what I'll do."

He shut the door and put on the grandmother's cap and nightgown and got into the bed.

19. He laughed to himself as he thought what a trick he would play.

IV

20. All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

21. She stopped to listen to the sweet music of the birds; she picked some strawberries for her grandmother, and some flowers that grew by the way.

22. A wasp buzzed about her head and lighted on her flowers.

"Eat as much as you like," she said, "but do not hurt me." He buzzed and buzzed and soon flew away.

23. Then a little bird came and ate some of her strawberries.

"Take all you want, pretty bird," said Little Red Riding Hood. "There will still be

left all that grandmother and I shall want." "Peep, peep!" sang the bird as he flew away.

24. Then she came upon an old woman who was looking for water cresses.

"Let me fill your basket," Little Red Riding Hood said.

25. The old woman said, "Thank you, my dear. If you see the Green Huntsman on your way, tell him from me that there is game in the wind."

V

26. Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the Green Huntsman. She had never seen him nor even heard of him before.

27. At last she came to a pond of water so green that you would have taken it for grass.

28. She had gone that way many times, but she had never seen the pond before. There stood a huntsman dressed in green. He was looking at some birds flying over his head.

29. "Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood. "The water cress woman asked me to tell you from her that there is game in the wind."

The Green Huntsman took out an arrow.

30. The huntsman put his ear to the ground and listened a while. Then he put the string on his bow and took out an arrow.

VI

31. At last Little Red Riding Hood came to her grandmother's cottage and knocked at the door.

32. "Who is there?" cried the wolf.

He tried to speak like the grandmother,

but his hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood start. She said to herself, "Poor grandmother must have a bad cold."

33. "It is I, Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I have come to see you and to bring you some cake and butter."

34. "Pull the string and the latch will fly up and the door will come open," said the wolf.

35. Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told, and went into the cottage.

36. "Put down the cake and butter, my dear," said the wolf; "then come and sit down beside me."

VII

37. Little Red Riding Hood put down her basket and went to the bedside.

38. "Why, grandmother," she said, "how hoarse you are!"

"Only a cold, my dear, only a cold," said the wolf.

39. "And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

Little Red Riding Hood went into the cottage.

"The better to hear you, my dear."

40. "But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

41. But, grandmother, what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear."

42. "But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you up!" said the wolf.

43. He was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside said, "Peep, peep!"

The wolf was killed.

44. This told the Green Huntsman it was time to let his arrow fly, and the wolf was killed then and there.

---

good better best

She swept the two kittens out of the room.

stôrm′y bĕ gŭn′ brōōm crĕpt măt
quar′rĕl swēēp′ĭng swĕpt quī′ĕt īçe

Two Little Kittens

1. Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the other had none;
And that's the way the fight was begun.

2. "I will have the mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You will have the mouse! We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the older one.
"You shall not have the mouse," said the little one.

3. I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two kittens began to fight.
The old woman took her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens out of the room.

4. The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on a mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

5. Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and as cold as ice;
For they thought 'twould be better that stormy night
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

---

stop	spy	sleep	sweet
sting	spied	sly	swan
start	speak	slip	swim
stair	spade	slow	swing

I	stō′rĭeş	wāv*ed*	fą*ult*	*wh*ōl*e*
	ȧ lōn*e*′	drŭm′mẽr	II chärġ*e*	scrē*a*m*ed*
	drŭm	härd	bē*at*′*en*	hĭss*ed*
	är′mў	slō*w*	fĕnç*e*	lĭmp*ed*

James and his Army

I

The army

1. James likes stories about fights and the great deeds of soldiers. One day he went out alone to play soldier. He put on his soldier cap and took his gun and sword and a little drum.

2. There was no other boy to play with him, so he had to be the whole army. He was the captain and the drummer-boy and the soldier. These were the army.

3. The captain said "March!" and waved his sword in the air. The drummer beat his drum and the soldier marched. This was hard to do, for the sword and gun and drum got in one another's way. But the army marched to the field near the barn.

4. It went up and down the field, sometimes fast and sometimes slow. Now and

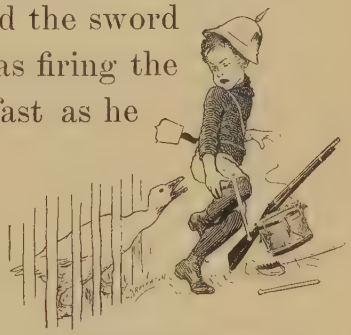
then it ran. Then the captain would call out to the soldier to keep step.

5. But there was no fault to be found with the drummer. He drummed so loud that he made the hens and sheep run away.

6. Once the soldier went so fast that he fell down and hurt the army's nose on a stone. The captain found fault with him, I can tell you.

II

7. At last a great charge was made. The army chased the black pig around the field. It beat the drum and waved the sword and threw stones. This was firing the gun. The pig ran off as fast as he could.



The whole army screamed.

8. Then the army marched back to the garden fence, and the captain said, "Soldiers, we have beaten the whole world and it has run away. I did it with my sword. Now I must be king."

9. Just then the old white goose put her

neck through the fence and bit James on the leg. The captain, the drummer, and the whole army screamed, while the goose put out her neck and hissed.

10. Down went the drum and the gun and the sword. The army limped off as fast as it could to the house. You would not have thought then that James was the boy who had just beaten the whole world.

---

story	sky	lady	cry
stories	skies	ladies	cries

Copy and memorize:

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

---

she	small	snip	cream
sheep	smile	snap	seam
shell	smell	snail	scream

flōat slōw′lў hĕav′ў
quĭll fĕath′ĕr

Feathers

1. How light a feather is! If you drop one, it falls very slowly to the ground. It may even float about in the air for a while. Birds could not fly if their feathers were heavy.

2. The long wing feathers are called quills. Take one and try to break it. You will see how strong it is. It is very light, too, as it must be for the bird to fly.

A quill

3. I am sure you have seen a robin looking for food in the snow, and have wondered if he were not cold.

4. If Mr. Robin could talk, he would tell you that he has a warm coat next his skin. This coat is made of small, soft feathers called down. It keeps him warm in the cold days of winter.

5. Some birds have very gay feathers. But these are not always the birds that sing

best. You know the old saying, "Fine feathers do not make fine birds."

6. Many birds are killed every year for their beautiful feathers. Ladies like to wear them on their hats. Is it not sad that the pretty little birds must be killed just for this?

Tell the names of three birds you have seen.

Copy these sentences and put in the missing words:

"The long wing feathers are called ——."

"The small, soft feathers are called ——."

Copy and memorize:

Birds of a feather flock together.

Fine feathers do not make fine birds.

Use these words in sentences:

poor	monkey	pulled	chestnuts
shell	straw	leaves	world
hood	butter	wolf	cottage
latch	ears	eyes	teeth
sword	soldier	hissed	screamed

bär′le*y*	ĕls*e*	hăt*ch*ed	snŭg
hĕl′lō′	ch*i*ck	bē nēa*th*′	dŏz′*e*n
	cŏck′-à-dōō′dl*e*-dōō′		

The Clucking Hen

1. "Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley field,
And hayseed in the hay."

2. "Thank you," said the clucking hen;
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you."

3. "Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!"
Said the clucking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."

4. The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.

5. Crack, crack! went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small.
"Cluck!" said the clucking hen,
"Now I have you all."

6. "Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hello!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES

all	small	warm	walk
ball	stall	warp	stalk

She bathed the leg with hot water.

wạr	lȳ′ĭng	bound	hĕlp′fụl
sāved	bā-thed	e nough′	wọ*u*nd′ĕd
hŏt	brōk*e*	Flŏr′ĕnç*e*	Nī*ght*′ĭn gāl*e*

A Kind Girl

I

1. One day a little girl was out in the fields watching a man with his sheep.

"Why have you left your dog at home?" she asked.

2. The man said, "My dog can never help me with the sheep again. A cruel boy threw a stone at him and broke one of his legs. I shall kill him to-night to put him out of his pain."

3. The little girl was very sad when she heard this. She did not say anything to the man, but went to his house. There she found the dog lying on the floor.

II

4. At first the dog would not let the girl come near him. But she was kind and gentle, and at last he let her look at his leg.

5. She found that it was much hurt, but not broken. She bathed the leg with hot water and bound it up.

6. After a while she saw the man coming home to kill the dog. He loved his dog, but he knew it is better to kill an animal than to let it live in pain.

7. The little girl ran to him and said, "Your dog's leg is not broken. I have bound it up. Do not kill him. I think he will be quite well in a few days."

III

8. The next morning she went to see the dog again. This time he came to her at once, for he knew that she was his friend. And again she bathed his leg and bound it up.

9. In a few days he was well enough to go out again into the fields and help take care of the sheep.

10. After that, whenever the dog saw her, he ran to meet her and jumped about to show how glad he was. If a dog could speak, he would have thanked her for being so kind to him.

11. The man said he could never thank her enough. But for her, he would have lost the best dog he ever had.

12. This kind and helpful little girl grew to be a kind and helpful woman. She left her home and went far away to a country where a great war was going on.

13. She took care of the sick and wounded soldiers, and saved many lives. Her name was Florence Nightingale.

nŏd′dĭng	hēat	môrn′ĭng-glō′rў	lĭl′ў
prō tĕct′	slĕpt	dăn′dė̄ lī ŏn	tū′lĭp
shôrt			clŏşe

Habits of Flowers

I

1. Flowers have habits, or ways of doing things, just as people have. Would you like to hear about some of these?

2. There is one habit that almost all flowers have. They turn to the light as if they loved it. If plants are kept in a room, the flowers turn to the window.

Out flew a bee.

3. Some flowers shut up at night as if to go to sleep. They open again in the morning. Tulips do this.

4. One morning a lady was looking at some tulips. As one of them opened, out flew a bee. He had stayed too late the night before, and so had been shut up in the flower.

5. He may have been hard at work all day

getting honey. He stopped to rest in the tulip, and was shut in when it closed.

6. He had a fine bed that night. I wonder if he slept any better than he would have slept in the hive!

II

7. The pond lily closes at night and opens again in the morning.

8. The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut close in their green coverings every night. They look like buds that have never opened.

9. I must tell you another habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very warm, it closes just as it does at night. Its green covering protects it from the heat.

10. Some flowers hang down their heads at night. They look as if they were nodding in their sleep. In the morning they look up to the light again.

11. Most flowers last for some days. But there are some that last only a short time. The morning-glory is one of these. Do you know any others?

fāint hŭm wĭth′ēred

The Bee and the Flower

1. The bee buzzed up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year,
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

2. And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

---

come	any	honey	flower
some	many	money	shower

The meat fell into the water.

mēat ōwn grēed'ў shăd'ō̇w

The Dog and his Shadow

1. One day a dog found a piece of meat.

"What a fine dinner this will make," he said to himself as he started home.

2. Crossing a bridge, he saw his own shadow in the still water. He thought it was another dog with another piece of meat.

3. "I will have that, too," he thought. So he snapped at the shadow. When he opened his mouth, his meat fell into the water.

4. So by being greedy he lost his dinner.

I	snāil		mīne	fēel′ĕr	clīmb
	thōugh		slŭg	thrŭsh′ĕş	bė̆ cąuşe′
	căr′rў	II	drąw	frīght′ened	tŏngue
	lärge		cûrl	III ĕn′ė̆ mĭeş	hōle
	bŭild				wāke

Only a Snail

I

I carry my house on my back.

1. "Only a snail," do you say? Well, though I am only a snail I can do some things that you cannot do.

2. I can carry my house on my back. You would look very queer with your house on your back.

3. I made my own house, too. I am quite sure you did not make the one in which you live.

4. My house is just large enough for me. When I was very small, it, too, was very small. Then as I grew bigger I made it bigger.

5. All snails do not make houses for themselves. The slug says he is my cousin.

He has horns like mine, but he has no house on his back. I suppose he is too lazy to build one.

II

6. I have four horns—two large ones and two small ones. They are my feelers.

7. Where do you think my eyes are? They are at the ends of my two large horns. When harm is near, I draw in my horns and curl up in my shell.

8. I have many enemies. Ducks, thrushes, and blackbirds like to eat snails. They have caught many of my friends.

He would drop me on a stone.

9. When I see a bird, I make haste to get into my house. If a blackbird were to see me, he would pick me up in his claws and drop me on a stone.

10. That would break my house in two and he would eat me. Do you wonder that I am frightened when he comes?

11. In warm countries where my friends grow bigger than I am, people eat them. But I am glad to know you do not care to eat me.

III

12. Birds are not our only enemies. Men try to kill us because they do not want us to eat the green things in their gardens. I suppose they want us to eat dead leaves, but we like to feed on fresh ones.

13. I climb up on a leaf and bite off little bits with my teeth. I have many more teeth than you. My tongue is covered with rows of them.

14. Do you want to know what I do in winter?

I creep into a quiet place and make a hole in the earth in which to live.

15. Then I draw myself into my house and make a little door to keep out the rain and the snow. I leave just one little hole to let in air.

16. Then I go to sleep and sleep through the winter. When spring comes, I wake up again. I creep out to see what there is in the garden for me to eat.

*wh*o*s*e	mă'*a*m	ā*g*e
ô*ugh*t	n*augh*'tў	drowned

Little Ducks

1. "My dears, whatever are you at?
You ought to be at home;
I told you not to wet your feet,
I told you not to roam.

2. "Oh, dear! I'm sure you will be drowned,
I never saw such tricks;
Come home at once and go to bed.
You naughty, naughty chicks!"

3. Now most of them were five days old,
But one, whose age was six—
"Please, ma'am," said he, "I think we're ducks;
I don't believe we're chicks."

ROBERT MACK

---

down	pawn	flew	crew
town	lawn	clew	grew
gown	dawn	blew	drew

dăsh*ed*	tôr′to*i*se	rāç*e*	tī*r*ed	hō
hâ*r*e	stĕ*a*d′y̆	plŏd′dĕd	jŭ*dg*e	wĭn
pāç*e*	fĕl′lo*w*	gō*a*l	sī*gh*t	nēed

The Hare and the Tortoise

I

1. A hare one day made fun of the short legs and slow pace of the tortoise.

2. "I am sorry for anyone who has to creep along as you do," he said. "Why, I can go ten miles while you go one."

3. "I may be slow, but I am sure," said the tortoise. "Though you can run so fast, I am willing to race with you."

4. The hare laughed at the thought of such a thing.

5. "It will be no race at all," he said, "but come on. I will show you how fast I can run."

They called the fox to be judge of the race.

6. "You are to start from this mile-stone and run to the next one," said the fox. "Now, one, two, three, go!"

"One, two, three, go!"

II

7. Off dashed the hare and after him plodded the tortoise. The hare went like the wind a little way. Then he looked back. The tortoise was not even in sight. The hare laughed.

8. "To think that a tortoise should try to race with me!" he said. "How warm and tired I am! I need not run so fast. I will get some of that sweet grass for my dinner. Then I will rest a while under this tree. The tortoise will not be here for hours yet."

9. So the hare ate his dinner and then lay down to rest. He fell fast asleep, and when he awoke it was late.

He passed the sleeping hare.

10. He looked around. "Well," he said, "I will go on to the goal now. Friend Tortoise is not yet in sight."

11. But when he got to the mile-stone, he found the tortoise there before him. The plodding fellow had kept on and had passed the sleeping hare.

12. "Oh, ho, my friend!" said the fox. "Slow and steady wins the race."

Tell in your own words the story of the hare and the tortoise.

Write words that rhyme with:

way plod need race

Use these words in sentences:

hurt	sheep	bound	broken
sun	sleep	bee	tulip
meat	piece	greedy	shadow

à crŏss′ hĕav′en sāil rōad

Boats Sail on the Rivers

1. Boats sail on the rivers,
   And ships sail on the seas;
   But clouds that sail across the sky
   Are prettier far than these.

2. There are bridges on the rivers,
   As pretty as you please;
   But the bow that bridges heaven,
   And overtops the trees,
   And builds a road from earth to sky,
   Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

pretty prettier prettiest

I	Dō′rȧ	drēam	shoes	III	touch
	gĭv′en	nȯth′ĭng	life		drew
	hŏs′pĭ tal	rē′al	II sign		shâr′ĭng
	nûrse				mēan

Too Many Dolls

I

1. "It was very good of aunt Rose to give me such a pretty doll," said Dora. "But I do wish she had given me something else. I have so many dolls."

2. Her cousin Amy did not speak for a time. Then she said, "Dora, I heard a sad story the other day. Would you like to hear it?"

"I had such a beautiful dream."

3. "What was it? Please tell me," said Dora.

4. "It was about a little girl named Kate. She is ill at the hospital and will have to stay in bed for a long time. "Her mother is a poor woman who has three little children to take care of.

5. "One morning Kate said to the nurse, 'Oh, I had such a beautiful dream last night! I thought I was sick as I am now. I was so tired, for I had nothing to play with.

6. "'All at once I heard a little noise at my side. I looked around, and there on the bed was a beautiful doll.

7. "'She had real hair, and her eyes could open and shut. She had on a fine dress. She even had little shoes on her feet.

8. "'Oh, I can see her now if I just shut my eyes! So it is almost as good as if I really had her, isn't it?'

9. "The poor child had never had a doll in all her life."

II

10. "Poor little Kate!" said Dora. "And I am cross because I have too many dolls. Amy, may I not take one of my dolls to Kate?"

11. "Yes, Dora; I am sure your mother will be glad to have you do that. One of your old dolls will make little Kate very happy."

12. "I think it wouldn't be very kind to give her one of my old ones," said Dora. "I should like to give her a pretty new one. Don't you think this doll looks like the one Kate dreamed about?"

She held up her beautiful new doll.

13. "If you wish, I will go with you to the hospital," said Amy. "We will take the doll to little Kate."

14. Soon the two girls were in the children's hospital. As they drew near Kate's bed, the nurse made a sign for them not to speak. The child was asleep.

15. "Now we can make her dream come true," said Dora.

She crept to Kate's bed and put the doll down. Then she waited for Kate to wake up.

III

16. Three or four children in beds near by were watching Dora. Their pale little faces lighted up with smiles.

17. At last Kate slowly opened her eyes and saw the doll.

18. She lay quite still at first, as if she thought it was only a dream.

After a while she put out her hand to touch the doll to see if it were real. Then with a cry of joy she drew it to her.

19. "Oh, it is a real true doll!" she cried. "It is like the one I saw in my dream, but prettier. Just look at her, nurse! See her curls and her little shoes!

20. "What good times we can all have with her! O nurse, do take her over to little Mary just a minute. Poor Mary can't turn around to see her."

21. Dora had never thought before how much pleasure she could give others by sharing her pretty thing with them.

22. She did not mean to be selfish. Now she was sorry to think how little she had ever done for others.

23. Her first visit to the hospital was not the last, you may be sure. Many of Dora's toys and books were taken there, and brought joy to the poor sick children.

chēck	chärm′ĭng lў	sāk*e*	pā*i*nt
chānged	tĕr′rĭ blў	hē*a*th	trŏd′d*e*n

The Lost Doll

1. I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

2. I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Portrait of Miss Bowles

cō*a*l	stănd	tha*w*	stâr*e*
rāk*e*	dĭ*t*ch	cūr*e*d	tē*a*ch
bow-wow	bō*n*e	wĭnk	

The Snow Man

I

1. "It is nice and cold," said the snow man. "This wind puts life into one. How that great red thing up there stares at me!"

2. The red thing was the sun, which was just setting. "He shall not make me wink," said the snow man. "I will stand fast."

3. The snow man had pieces of coal in his head for eyes. His mouth was a piece of an old rake, so he had good strong teeth.

4. The sun went down, and the full moon rose, large and bright. The snow man thought it was the sun rising again.

5. "There he comes back from the other side," he said. "But I have cured him of staring at me. Now he may hang there and shine. I can see better when he is there.

6. "I wish I could go from place to place as people can. I should like to play on the ice

as the boys do. But I don't know how to run."

II

7. "Bow-wow!" said the old watch dog. "The sun will teach you to run fast enough.

"The sun will teach you to run."

I have seen him teach many snow men before. He will soon make you run."

8. "I don't know what you mean, friend," said the snow man. "Will that thing up in the sky teach me to run? I know that he can

run, for he ran away when I looked at him. Now he has come back on the other side."

9. "What you see up there is the moon," said the dog. "It was the sun that you saw before. He will come again in the morning. Then he will teach you to run down into the ditch. The weather is going to change: I have felt it in my bones all day."

10. "I don't know just what he means," said the snow man to himself, "but I am sure it is something not at all pleasant. The thing which stared at me and then ran away is not my friend. I am sure of that, too."

11. "Bow-wow!" said the dog. Then he turned round three times and lay down to sleep.

12. The weather did change; it began to thaw. The south wind blew, and the sun shone bright and warm. The snow man ran, as the dog said he would. He ran down into the ditch, and that was the last of him.

13. "Bow-wow!" said the watch dog. The children danced about in the sunshine, and no one thought any more of the snow man.

HANS ANDERSEN, ADAPTED

cōōl smĕl*l* whīt*e*′nĕss crown′ĕd brīd*e*
lĭft′ĭng drōōp clōth′ĭng thĭrst′ў vē*i*n

Little White Lily

1. Little White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

2. Little White Lily
Said, "It is good,—
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily
Dressed like a bride,
Shining with whiteness
And crownèd beside!

3. Little White Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little White Lily
  Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
  And filling it up.

4. Little White Lily
  Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
  To have fresh rain.
Now I am stronger,
  Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
  My veins are so full."

5. Little White Lily
  Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
  Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
  Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
  Is happy again.

GEORGE MACDONALD

droops droopeth holds holdeth

mŭd	to͞ol	tī′nў	thĭck	strīpĕd
gŭm	vĕx	stĭng	pā′pẽr	ĭn′sĕct

Wasps

Wasps

1. Here comes a wasp! Is he not pretty? He wears a black coat striped with yellow. He has six legs and four wings. See how thin and beautiful his wings are!

2. As he flies about, he looks very much like a bee. But the wasp does not make honey, as the bee does.

3. If you make a wasp angry, out comes his sting; but he will not hurt you, if you do not vex him.

4. The wasp is a busy little fellow. He works hard to make a home for himself. He carries his tools in his mouth. They are two tiny little saws.

5. To make his nest, he cuts off little pieces of wood. He wets them with a kind of gum which he has in his mouth. Then he sticks them together so as to make paper.

6. Some of this paper is fine and thin, while some is coarse and thick.

A paper wasp's nest

7. Some wasps hang their nests in trees; some make their homes in holes in the ground; others build nests of mud.

8. Wasps like to eat sweet things, and they always pick out the ripest and best fruit. They feed on flies, too, and other insects which vex the cattle. So you see even wasps do some good.

---

ripe riper ripest

When you add -er and -est to *ripe*, what letter is dropped?

Add -er and -est to *fine*; to *coarse*.

---

lack	lay	roll	ripe
back	pay	toll	tripe
black	play	troll	stripe

plān tā'ble strīke trēat
hănd'sŏm ẽr dĕ stroy' kīnd'nĕss

The Wasp and the Bee

I

1. One day a wasp met a bee.

"I am glad to see you, friend Bee," he said. "I want you to tell me, if you can, why people like you so much better than they like me.

2. "I am much handsomer than you. You go about all the time in your plain work-day clothing. I always wear a beautiful black and yellow coat.

3. "I am fine enough to be seen at a king's table. But whenever I come near people, they strike at me and try to kill me.

4. "They are always glad to have you make your home with them, and they even build a nice house for you to live in. But whenever they find mine, they destroy it, and kill my little ones. Can you tell me why they treat me in this way?"

II

5. "Well," said the bee, "it is true that men are not very kind to you, but what do you do for them? Do you give them honey as I do?"

6. "Do for them!" cried the wasp. "Why should I do anything for them? I catch some of the flies and insects that vex them, but that is because I like insects for food.

7. "I take the best of their ripe fruit. If they try to drive me away, out comes my sting, and I teach them to leave me alone."

8. "Oh, ho!" said the bee. "No wonder men are cross to you, as you are so cross to them. Men are my friends because I am their friend.

9. "It is always so. If you want people to treat you with kindness, you must be kind to them."

jŏl′lў	work′er	frā′grant	thĭs′*tle*
wēed	scĕnt	treas′ure	wē*a*′rў
toil′ĭng	clō′vĕr	hŭm′mĭng	drē*ar*′ў

The Song of the Bee

1. Buzz! buzz! buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly, good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

2. Buzz! buzz! buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings:
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

3. Buzz! buzz! buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,

He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

MARIAN DOUGLAS

Write the words which rhyme with:

bee	yellow	clover	wings
daisy	night	dreary	do

Copy and memorize:

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The good God made them all.

---

face	ice	loud	much
place	nice	cloud	such

I mĭd′dle-sīzed	kē*y*′hōl*e*	IV spo͞on	V sē*a*rch
hūġ*e*	lŏck*e*d	ē*a*t′*e*n	pĭl′lō*w*
bō*w*l	nō′bŏd ў	th*i*ēf	bōl′stēr
pŏr′rĭ*d*ġe	pēr hăps′	cụsh′*i*ȯn	rŭm′bl*e*
II brĕ*a*k′fast	III tāst′ĕd	strā*igh*t	thŭn′dēr
pō*u*r*e*d	bŏt′tȯm	crŭsh*e*d	shrĭl*l*

The Three Bears

I

1. Once upon a time three bears lived together in a house of their own, near a wood. One of them was a Tiny Little Bear; one was a Middle-sized Bear; and one was a Great Huge Bear.

2. Each of the bears had a bowl for his porridge. There was a little bowl for the Tiny Little Bear; and a middle-sized bowl for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great bowl for the Great Huge Bear.

3. And they had each a chair to sit on. There was a little chair for the Tiny Little Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear.

4. And they had each a bed to sleep in. There was a little bed for the Tiny Little Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

II

5. One morning they made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their

She looked in at the window.

bowls. Then they went to take a walk in the wood while the porridge was cooling.

6. While the bears were out walking, a

little girl named Golden-hair came to the house.

7. First she looked in at the window. Then she peeped in at the keyhole. As she did not see anyone in the house, she lifted the latch.

8. The door was not locked. The bears were good bears and did nobody any harm, so they never thought that anybody would harm them.

9. So little Golden-hair opened the door and went in. She was well pleased when she saw the porridge on the table, for she was hungry.

10. If she had stopped to think, she would not have touched it. She would have waited till the bears came home. Then perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were kind bears.

III

11. But little Golden-hair did not wait. First she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear. It was so hot that she could not eat it. Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle-sized Bear, and it was so cold that she could not eat it.

12. Then she tasted the porridge of the Tiny Little Bear; it was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right. So she ate it all.

13. Then little Golden-hair sat down on the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. Then she sat down on the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too soft for her.

14. Then she sat down on the chair of the Tiny Little Bear; that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. There she sat till the bottom of the chair came out and down she came upon the floor.

15. Then little Golden-hair went upstairs into the bears' bedroom. There were three beds. First she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too high at the head for her. Next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her.

16. Then she lay down upon the bed of the Tiny Little Bear; that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up and fell fast asleep.

17. The three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough by this time, and they came home to breakfast. Now, little Golden-hair had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

18. "Somebody has been at my porridge," said the Great Huge Bear in his great huge voice.

19. The Middle-sized Bear looked at his bowl, and there was his spoon, too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge," said the Middle-sized Bear.

20. Then the Tiny Little Bear looked at his bowl. There was the spoon in the bowl, but the porridge was all gone.

21. "Somebody has been at my porridge and has eaten it all up," said the Tiny Little Bear in his tiny little voice.

22. Then the three bears began to look for the thief.

23. Now, little Golden-hair had not left the cushion straight in the chair of the Great Huge Bear,

24. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said the Great Huge Bear in his great huge voice.

25. And little Golden-hair had crushed the soft cushion of the Middle-sized Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said the Middle-sized Bear.

26. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out," said the Tiny Little Bear in his tiny little voice.

V

27. The three bears were now sure that there was some one in the house. So they went upstairs to search.

28. Now, little Golden-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

29. "Somebody has been lying on my bed," said the Great Huge Bear in his great huge voice.

30. And little Golden-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle-sized Bear out of its place.

31. "Somebody has been lying on my bed," said the Middle-sized Bear.

32. When the Tiny Little Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place. There, too, was the pillow in its place upon the bolster.

"Here she is," said the Tiny Little Bear.

33. But upon the pillow was little Golden-hair's pretty head. That was not in its place, for she had no right to be there.

34. "Somebody has been lying on my bed, —and here she is," said the Tiny Little Bear in his tiny little voice.

35. Little Golden-hair had heard in her sleep

the great voice of the Great Huge Bear. But it was like the roar of wind or the rumble of thunder to her.

36. She had heard the voice of the Middle-sized Bear, too, but it was only as if she had heard some one speak in a dream.

She jumped out.

37. But the sharp, shrill voice of the Tiny Little Bear awoke her at once.

38. Up she started. When she saw the three bears close to the bed, she was much frightened. She ran to the window, which was open, and jumped out. Away she ran into the wood, and the three bears never saw her any more.

ROBERT SOUTHEY—ADAPTED

somebody anybody nobody

ā	ē	ī	ō
way	these	mind	door
wait	key	wild	bowl
great	dream	high	pour
eight	thief	cried	roar

"I see him jump before me."

fo͞ol	dew	slēep′y̆-hĕad	ăr′rant
sôrt	nûrs′ie	ĭn′dĭ à-rŭb′bẽr	cow′ard
hēel	tal′l′ẽr	fŭn′nĭ ĕst	prŏp′ẽr
shāme	sho͞ot	no′tion	

My Shadow

1. I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
   And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
   He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
   And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

2. The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—

Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

3. He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

4. One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I	wĕb	squēe*ze*	nŭm′bēr		çĭr′cl*e*
	thrĕ*ad*	härd′*en*	join*ed*		fäs*t′en*ed
	bŏd′ĭe̤s	līn*e*	spōk*e*	III	därt′ĕd
	băg	II strĕ*tch*ed	spĭn′nĭng		sāf*e*

The Garden Spider

I

1. Alfred likes to watch spiders. He has learned how they make their webs and catch flies. One day he was walking with his cousin Frank. They saw a spider just beginning to make its web, and they stopped to watch it.

The boys stopped to watch it.

2. "Why does a spider make a web?" asked Frank.

3. "So that flies may be caught in it," said Alfred. "The spider wants them for food."

4. "Where do spiders get the thread to make their webs?" asked Frank.

5. "They have little bags at the end of their bodies. These bags are full of some-

thing that looks like water, but is thicker. The spiders squeeze it out.

6. "As soon as it comes out into the air, it hardens and makes a little thread. The spiders put many of these threads together to make one strong line."

It went round and round.

II

7. While the boys were talking, they watched the spider. It was busy making its web.

8. First, it stretched some long threads from bough to bough. These were for the outside of its web.

9. Next, it made a number of other threads, which were joined to the outside threads. They met in the middle like the spokes of a wheel.

10. Then it went round and round the web, spinning all the time. It made a long thread which looked like many circles, one within another.

11. As it went, it fastened this thread to each of the spoke-like threads.

"It looks as if it were making the thread with its legs," said Frank.

12. "It uses its legs to put the thread in place," said Alfred. "Now the web is finished. The spider will hide and wait for a fly. Let us watch it."

III

13. Soon a fly came buzzing by and was caught in the web. The spider darted out and began to wrap fine threads around it.

14. These held it fast, so that it could not get away. Then the spider went away and waited for another fly.

15. "Why does it not eat the fly?" asked Frank.

"It is not hungry now," said Alfred.

16. Then Alfred told Frank more about spiders.

"The mother spider is larger than the father," he said. "The mother spider lays eggs in a little bag which she makes for them. She hides it away in a safe place.

17. "This spider which we have just been watching is called the garden spider. It likes to make its web in gardens. It will not harm us, but there are some spiders which would hurt us very much if they should bite us."

Use these words in sentences:

river	bridge	rainbow	earth
wasp	busy	paper	pick
bears	cool	porridge	taste
bowl	huge	breakfast	here

Copy the names of the days of the week:

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

How many days are there in a week?
How many months are in a year?
Write the names of the four seasons.
Which one do you like best?

squeeze	straight	garden	number
squeak	stretch	harden	spider

Every day Ĕdward works at his pictures.

cāne	Ĕd′ward	mĕant
ĭnk	bŭt′ton	ärt′ĭst
mo͝ve	yĕs′tẽr dā͟y	ēa͟s′y̆

The Young Artist

I

1. Edward's father is an artist. He paints beautiful pictures. Edward says when he is a man he, too, will be an artist.

2. His father tells him that the best way to paint well when he is a man is to begin now while he is a boy. So every day Edward works at his pictures.

3. His pictures of horses have a queer thing about them. They are not like horses. They look more like large birds with four legs.

4. It is not easy to draw well. But Edward tries hard and he loves his work. So his drawings look more and more like the things for which they are meant.

II

5. Yesterday he made a large picture. It is of a man with a big cane in his hand, walking by the seaside. There are four buttons on his coat. Near him is a tree, and a ship is not far off.

6. To-day Edward finished a still larger picture. It had in it a windmill, ships, and a man and a woman.

7. It seemed to Edward that he could see the ships move over the water and the sails of the windmill turn.

8. "It is the best picture I have made," he said. "I will ask papa to come and see it."

9. He ran to call his father and left the kitten playing on the floor. While Edward was out of the room, the kitten jumped on the table and upset the ink.

"It is the best picture I have made."

10. When Edward came in with his father, he found his picture covered with ink. He was very sorry, but he said, "I will draw another picture."

11. "Good, Edward!" said his father. "That is the way to become a true artist."

ANATOLE FRANCE—ADAPTED

Copy and memorize:

'Tis a lesson you should heed:
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed
Try, try again.

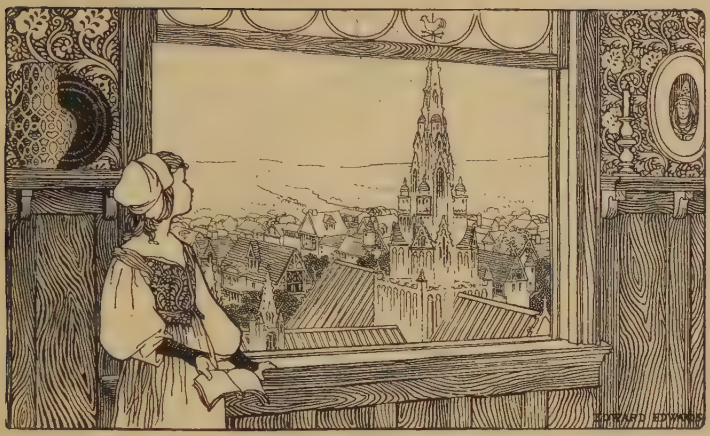
sănd	o′cean	mō′ment	mī*gh*t′y̆
lănd	ė̆ tĕr′nĭ ty̆	hŭm′bl*e*	Ē′d*e*n

Little Things

1. Little drops of water,
   Little grains of sand,
   Make the mighty ocean,
   And the pleasant land.

2. And the little moments,
   Humble though they be,
   Make the mighty ages
   Of eternity.

3. Little deeds of kindness,
   Little words of love,
   Make our earth an Eden,
   Like the heaven above.



There stands Half Chick to this day.

I prė̆ tĕnd′ dŭl*l* ĭn dēe*d*′ V town
Hä*lf* Chĭck pō͟ līte′ bă͟nk pĭt′ў
II worse mīnd wāste dў′ĭng
bė̆ cāme′ ăn′s*w*ēr flō*w* rĕa*d*′ў
rụ̈de III frēe′lў IV co͝ok stēe′ple
kĭck tro*u*̆′ble brŏth pŏt chûrch
păl′ā̆çe

Half Chick

I

1. Once there was a hen which had ten chickens. Nine of them were fine little fellows.

2. But the youngest was not like his brothers and sisters. He was only half as

large as a chicken should be; so his mother called him Half Chick.

3. She was very sad when she looked at him. She said, "My youngest child can never grow up to be tall and fine looking like his brothers. They will go out and make their way in the world, but this poor little thing will always have to stay at home with me."

4. But Half Chick's mother soon found that he was not willing to stay at home under her wing.

5. He was as unlike his brothers and sisters in his ways as he was in his looks. They were good chickens. When their mother called them, they chirped and ran to her side.

6. But Half Chick would hop far away. When his mother called him home, he would pretend that he could not hear.

II

7. As he grew older, he became worse. He was often very rude to his mother and to the other chickens.

8. One day he went up to his mother with the queer little hop and kick which was his way of walking.

9. He cocked his eye at her and said, "Mother, I am tired of this dull life. I am off to the palace to see the king."

10. "To the palace, Half Chick!" said his mother. "Why, my dear, that would be a long way even for me to go. A poor little thing like you would be tired before you went half the way. Stay at home with me. Some day when you are bigger, we will take a nice long walk together."

11. But Half Chick had made up his mind to go, and he would not listen to his mother. So with a hop and a kick away he went.

12. "Be sure that you are kind and polite to everyone you meet," his mother called after him. But he was in such haste to be off that he did not stop to answer.

III

13. As he went through a field, he passed a stream. The stream was filled up with

weeds and water-plants, so that its water could not flow freely.

14. "O Half Chick," it cried, as Half Chick hopped along its banks, "do come and help me! Please take away these weeds that are so much in my way."

15. "Help you, indeed!" said Half Chick with a toss of his head. "Do you think I have nothing to do but to waste my time with you? Help yourself, and don't trouble me. I am off to the palace to see the king."

And with a hop and a kick on he went.

16. A little later he came to a fire, which some men had left in a wood. It was burning very low and would soon be out.

17. "O Half Chick," cried the fire as he came near, "in a little while I shall die if some one does not help me. Do give me some dry leaves and sticks."

18. "Help you, indeed!" said Half Chick. "I have other things to do. Get dry leaves and sticks for yourself, and don't trouble me. I am off to the palace to see the king." And with a hop and a kick on went Half Chick.

IV

19. The next morning, as he was getting near the palace, he passed a big oak tree. The wind was caught in its branches.

20. "O Half Chick," cried the wind, "do hop up here and help me to get free from these branches. I cannot get away."

21. "Then you ought not to have gone there," said Half Chick. "I can't waste all my morning in helping you. Get yourself free the best way you can, and don't trouble me. I am off to the palace to see the king."

22. With a hop and a kick off went Half Chick faster than ever.

23. The king's palace was now in sight. Half Chick thought he would go to the door and wait there till the king came out.

24. But as he was hopping by one of the back windows, the king's cook saw him.

25. "Here is the very thing I want to make the king's broth," cried the cook. And he caught Half Chick by the leg and threw him into the broth pot.

V

26. Half Chick did not like this at all, and he cried, "Water, water! Have pity upon me. Do not wet me like this."

27. "Ah! Half Chick," said the water, "you would not help me when I was a little stream away in the field. Now I cannot help you."

28. Then the fire began to burn. Half Chick hopped from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat.

29. "Fire, fire!" he cried. "Do not burn me like this. You don't know how it hurts."

30. "Half Chick," answered the fire, "you would not help me when I was dying in the wood. Now I cannot help you."

31. At last the cook came to see if the broth was ready for the king's dinner.

32. "Look here!" he cried. "This chicken is burnt up. It is not fit to eat." So he threw Half Chick out of the window.

33. The wind caught him and dashed him through the air so fast that he could hardly breathe.

34. "Oh! wind," he cried, "if you take me

along so fast you will kill me. Do let me rest a little while."

35. "Ah! Half Chick," said the wind, "when I was caught in the oak tree, you would not help me. Now I cannot help you."

36. And he carried Half Chick over the roofs of the houses till they came to the highest church in town.

37. Then he left him on the top of the steeple. And there stands Half Chick to this day.

A SPANISH LEGEND

Find in this story a word that means *big;* one that means *small.*

What word means the opposite of *wet;* of *short?*

Write a sentence telling who asked Half Chick for help.

Make a drawing to show where Half Chick is now.

Politeness is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

fō*a*m	ē*i*′thĕr	căs′*tle*	påst
for ĕv′ĕr	văl′*le*y	à shōr*e*′	därk

Where Go the Boats?

1. Dark brown is the river,
   Golden is the sand,
   It flows along forever,
   With trees on either hand.

2. Green leaves a-floating,
   Castles of the foam,
   Boats of mine a-boating—
   Where will all come home?

3. On goes the river
   And out past the mill,
   Away down the valley,
   Away down the hill.

4. Away down the river,
   A hundred miles or more,
   Other little children
   Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

---

a-floating a-boating

fĭsh	jĕl′lў	bŭnch′ĕs	crō*a*k
ja*w*	flăt	tăd′pō*l*e	frŏnt
bē*a*d	hīnd	băck′wards	point′ĭng

Frogs

I

1. Children who walk in the country in the spring sometimes see frogs' eggs floating on the water in a ditch or pond. The eggs look very much like bunches of beads made of jelly.

A tadpole

2. After a while, tadpoles come from these eggs. Tadpoles are queer little water animals. They have big heads and long, flat tails. They swim about together and look like little fish.

A young frog

3. As the tadpole grows larger, he changes. His legs begin to grow, and his tail becomes shorter and shorter till there is no tail at all. Then he is no longer a tadpole; he has become a young frog.

4. He cannot live in the water any longer,

so he crawls out of the pond and makes his home in the wet grass. But he often goes back into the water for a swim.

II

5. The frog's hind legs are long and strong. Each of the hind feet has five toes, which are joined by a web like that of a duck's foot. It is by means of these webbed feet that a frog swims.

6. A frog feeds on flies, ants, spiders, worms, snails, and such things. He even eats bees and wasps. Their stings do not seem to hurt him at all.

7. A frog has a wide mouth and a long tongue. His tongue is joined to the jaw in front and not at the back as our tongues are.

Catching a fly

8. So it lies in the mouth pointing backwards. This is the way it looks when the frog darts it out to catch a fly.

9. All summer a frog feeds on insects, but in winter he cannot get these to eat.

10. What do you think he does then? He

finds a hole in the earth and buries himself there.

11. Then, like the snail, he sleeps all winter. In the spring when the sun shines warm and bright, he creeps out of his hole. We hear his "croak, croak," as he hops about the meadows.

Write answers to these questions:

What is a tadpole?

What can you tell about a frog's hind legs?

What have you learned in this lesson about a frog's tongue?

What do frogs do in winter?

Use these words in sentences:

drops	grains	ocean	land
paint	artist	picture	mill
grow	proper	shadow	early

toy	coin	look	moon
joy	join	foot	soon

I *k*nōw*n*	à līv*e*′	ĭn stĕ*a*d′	III lōn*e*′lў
mĭss	Pĭc′cō là	lĕ*a*th′ẽr	gĭft
*gu*ĕss	II stŏ*c*k′ĭng	wo͝od′*e*n	hăp′pĭ nĕss

Săn′tà Cl*au*s

Piccola

I

1. Piccola was a little girl who lived far across the sea. Her father was dead and her mother had to work very hard to buy food.

2. But little Piccola was as happy as the day is long. In summer she ran about in the fields and looked for flowers and berries. In winter when snow was on the ground, she had to stay indoors.

Piccola

3. She had no brothers nor sisters to play with her, and no toys nor picture books such as you have. But she had never known what it was to have playthings, and she did not miss them.

4. You could never guess what she had for a doll. It was a stick of wood! She made a dress for it and talked to it and petted it.

5. "If only you were alive, my baby," she said, "how nice it would be! Still, it is good to have you to talk to these long winter days. Winter would be a bad time if it were not for Christmas. How I wish it were Christmas now! I wonder what I shall find in my shoe!"

II

6. Where Piccola lived the children do not hang up their stockings. Instead, they put out their shoes for Santa Claus to fill.

7. And very queer shoes they are. They are not leather shoes like yours. They are made of wood and are hard and heavy.

8. How would you like to wear wooden shoes? Piccola liked it very well, for she had never seen any other kind.

9. As Christmas drew near, she often said to her mother, "I do wonder what I shall find in my shoe!"

10. Her mother looked sad when Piccola said this.

11. "You must not expect anything this year, my dear," she said. "It is a hard

winter. You and I must be glad to get bread to eat in times like these."

12. But Piccola was quite sure that Santa Claus would not forget her.

13. At last Christmas came. Piccola put her wooden shoe by the bedside and went to sleep.

14. "Poor child!" said her mother. "How sad she will be when she wakes up and finds nothing in her shoe."

III

15. The next morning Piccola was up before it was light.

16. "O mother, mother," she cried. "Just see what Santa Claus has brought me! It is a dear little bird."

17. And there was a little swallow! Piccola took it in her hand. It fluttered about, but could not fly. Piccola's mother looked at it and found that one of its wings was hurt.

18. "We will keep it with us and protect it through the cold weather," she said. "It would die out in the snow."

19. "I shall never be lonely now when you are away at work all day," said Piccola.

Piccola took the swallow in her hand.

"When I wished for a little dog, you said that he would eat too much. But we shall not miss the crumbs my Christmas bird will eat."

20. Piccola kept the swallow till spring came, and then she set it free. But it often came to her window for crumbs.

She set it free.

21. No Christmas gift ever brought more happiness than the little swallow in Piccola's shoe.

Copy and memorize:

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

---

able	little	tripping	swallow
table	middle	stepping	pillow
stable	gobble	dropping	yellow

blŭnt	păck	kēen	fŏl′lo͝w
nō′ble	slĕdġe	păd	mȧs′tẽr
prīde	wo͝lveṣ	lĕd	fāith′fụl

A Talk about Redcoat

I

1. Come here, Alfred, and I will tell you some things you may not know about that dog of yours.

Look at his feet.

2. Hear what a noise he makes coming across the floor! Now look at his feet and you will see why.

3. He has soft pads under his toes, but he cannot draw in his claws as a cat can. She has to creep along to spring on the mice. He can run fast to catch what he wants.

4. Sometimes he chases pussy, but pussy can get away from him.

If he comes too near her in the race, she can put out her sharp claws and climb a tree. He cannot climb, because his claws are short and blunt.

5. There is another way in which pussy has the better of him. He cannot see so well in the dark as she can. She hunts at night, and he hunts in the day.

6. You remember the walk we took last week. We left Redcoat at home, you know, but he joined us when we were far away from home.

7. Can you guess how he found us? It was his keen nose that led him to us. Dogs can follow animals or people for miles without seeing them.

8. You see that Redcoat's nose is cold and wet. That shows he is well. It is only when a dog is sick that his nose is hot and dry.

9. Now let us look at his teeth. They are sharp and pointed. I should not like to have them bite me.

10. Redcoat can move his jaws only up and down. Cows and other animals that eat grass move their jaws sideways, as well as up and down.

II

11. Redcoat is a hunting dog. He likes to chase game. Some dogs take care of sheep

and cattle. Others protect their masters' homes.

12. In some places there are packs of wild dogs. They hunt together and feed on the animals they kill.

A dog at work

13. If Redcoat lived in some parts of the world, he would have to work. His master would make a little wagon and Redcoat would have to draw it.

14. There are countries in the north where it is too cold for horses to live. In these places dogs draw sledges over the snow and ice.

15. These dogs are very strong and can go far with little food. Their coats are warmer and thicker than your dog's. They look like wolves.

16. Do you know that the wolf and fox say they are Redcoat's cousins? I do not believe that he would take pride in such cousins.

17. Dogs are noble animals. They are faithful and loving, and always remember the people who are kind to them.

hĭd	fēel	stōle	wōve
rŏb	hŭng	Ăl'ĭçe Nēal	wĭsp

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

I

1. "To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

2. "Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

3. "Coo, coo! Coo, coo! Coo, coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow breast?"

4. "Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;

I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

5. "Caw, caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

II

6. "Cluck, cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again;
Why I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick.
We each gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
Cluck, cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!"

7. "I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

8. A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

From the poem find who said:

to-whit	coo	moo-oo
to-whee	baa	caw

Tell who gave yellow breast something for her nest.

Write what Mary Green said.

---

knew	whole	crumb
know	whose	lamb
knock	whom	limb

I shoe′māk ẽr	pâ*i*r	spâ*r*ed	mĭd′nī*gh*t
sûr prīse′	prâ*y*erş	sōld	skĭp*p*ed
a̤l rĕ*a*d′ў	bĕnch	côr′nẽr	III clō*th*eş
clōse′lў	prīçe	ĕlveş	dė̆ lī*gh*t′
*h*ŏn′ĕst	II ā′ble	nā′kĕd	quĭck′lў

The Shoemaker and the Elves

I

1. Long, long ago, there lived in a small town a shoemaker and his wife. The shoemaker was an honest man and he worked very hard. He and his wife were always kind to those who were in want.

2. But times became very hard. Through no fault of his own the shoemaker grew poorer and poorer. At last he had only enough leather left to make one pair of shoes.

3. In the evening he cut out the shoes. He was to make them the next day. Then he said his prayers and went to bed.

4. In the morning he rose early and went to his work-bench. There to his surprise he found the shoes already finished.

5. He did not know what to make of it.

He looked closely at them. They were more beautiful than he could have made them.

6. He called his wife and showed them to her. The good woman was as much surprised as he.

7. That morning a man came in to buy some shoes. He was so much pleased with the ones the shoemaker showed him that he bought them for a good price.

II

8. The shoemaker was now able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. Again he cut them out in the evening. He meant to rise early the next morning to finish them.

9. But he was spared the trouble. The next morning there on his work-bench stood the shoes already made.

10. These, too, were soon sold, and the shoemaker bought leather for four pairs more. He cut these out and laid them ready as before. But when he came down in the morning, he found the shoes finished as before.

11. So it went on. He had only to buy the leather and cut out the shoes. He always found them finished the next morning. The good man soon became rich.

12. One evening just before Christmas he said to his wife, "My dear, I should like to find out who the good people are who help us. Let us sit up to-night and watch."

13. His wife thought this a good plan, so they hid themselves in a corner of the work-room.

14. Just at midnight two little naked elves came running into the room. They sat down upon the shoemaker's bench and took up the work already cut out.

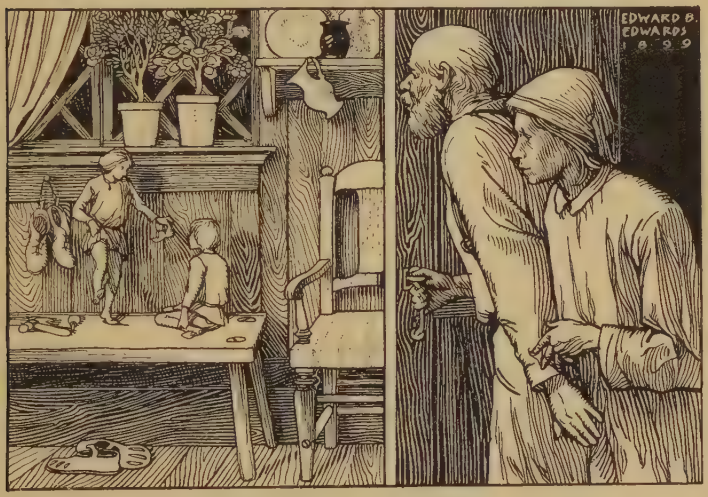
15. They worked so well and so fast that in a little while all the shoes were finished. Then they skipped off the bench and ran away.

III

16. Next morning the woman said, "The good little elves have been very kind to us. I would like to do something for them. They run about so and have nothing on, and they must be cold.

17. "I'll tell you what we can do: I will make them some clothes, and you can make them some little shoes."

18. This plan pleased the shoemaker very much. So he and his wife set to work at once. You may be sure they spared no pains in making the shoes and the clothes.



The elves showed great delight.

19. At night everything was ready, and the good man and his wife laid the clothes on the work-bench. Then they hid to see what the little elves would do.

20. At midnight the elves came running in.

They jumped on the bench, expecting to find the leather cut out for them to make into shoes. But there was nothing to be seen but the beautiful little clothes.

21. At first the elves were surprised, and then they showed great delight. They dressed themselves quickly, dancing about for joy. At last they danced out of the room and they never came back any more.

22. But everything went well with the good shoemaker and his wife, who had been kind to those who helped them. They were never in want again as long as they lived.

GRIMM

Copy and memorize:

In books or work or healthful play
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

---

catch	bench	large	bridge
hatch	bunch	charge	sledge
latch	inch	barge	grudge

wĕl′cŏme shāke rĭng mĕr′rĭ lў
swĭm′mĭng bē lō*w*′ Gŏd rē joi*ce*′

A Spring Morning

1. Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch—see! there falls quite a shower.

2. By the side of their mothers—look! under the trees,
How the young lambs are playing about as they please;
And by all the rings on the water, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

3. Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS

sprăng	ĕn′vў	nĭb′bled	sāfe′tў
fēast	fâre	scăm′pĕr	fēar

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

1. A country mouse had a friend that lived in a house in town. One day this friend came to visit her. At dinner the country mouse brought out the best food she had. It was only dry corn and wheat.

The best food she had

2. "Why do you stay here in the field?" said the town mouse. "You live no better than a poor ant. In town I have all kinds of good things. Come to see me, and I will show you what a mouse ought to have."

3. The hungry country mouse was glad to go. The next day they went to town together. Then what a feast they had!

4. "You are right," said the country mouse to her friend. "It is much better to live here than in the country."

5. But as they nibbled at some cheese, the cook opened the door. The mice had to scamper away in fear for their lives.

6. Soon they crept out again. But a huge cat sprang at them and almost caught them before they could get back to their holes.

7. Then the country mouse said, "You have here many fine things to eat, but you are all the time in fear for your life. I have poor fare at home, but at least I live in safety. I will go back there and not envy you your fine fare."

A huge cat sprang at them.

---

bow′ẽr tōad grŭdge tĭm′ĭd fûr′rў

1. The city mouse lives in a house; —
   The garden mouse lives in a bower,
   He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
   And sees the pretty plants in flower.

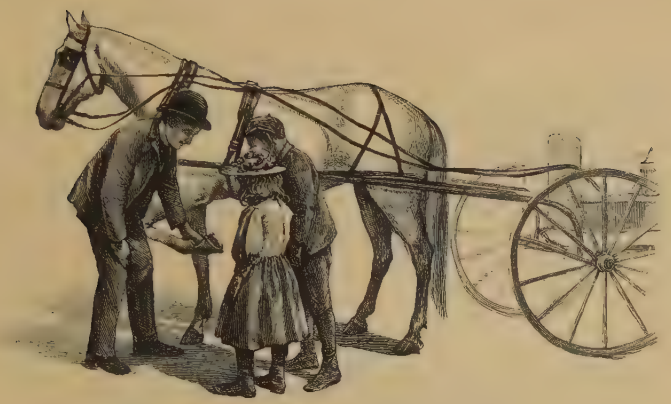
2. The city mouse eats bread and cheese; —
   The garden mouse eats what he can;
   We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
   Poor little timid furry man!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer

Engraved by Walter Aikman

Shoeing the Horse



They saw that the shoe was nailed to the hoof.

bē twēen′	wīld	ŭn tĭl′	spāç*e*
fĭn′gẽr	Jŏ*h*n	proud	stē*e*l
sug′ar	th*o*ş*e*	grīnd′ĭng	lĭp

John's New Horse

I

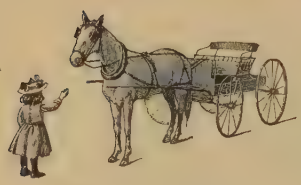
1. "May, May, here comes John with his new horse! He must have brought it to show to us."

2. Frank waited until his sister came, and then they ran down to meet John.

3. John was their cousin. He had just got this new horse, and he was very proud of it. Its name was Brownie.

4. May got some sugar. Brownie took it

in his soft lips and then ground it to pieces with his teeth.



May got some sugar.

5. "O cousin John," said May, "let me get him another piece of sugar. See how he likes it!"

6. "No, May," said John. "Give him some of that fresh grass instead. Much sugar is as bad for his teeth as it is for yours."

7. "Do let us see his teeth," said May. So John opened the horse's mouth to show the children his teeth.

8. "With these front teeth," he said, "a horse bites off the grass. He passes it back in his mouth to the flat grinding teeth. You see there is a little space between the front and back teeth. That is where the bit goes."

II

9. Just then the horse lifted one of his feet to knock off a fly. Frank saw the shining steel shoe on his hoof and said, "Why do you put those things on his feet?"

10. "To keep his hoofs from wearing out," said John. "Wild horses do not need shoes.

They run on the grass, but my horse has to go along the hard roads."

11. "But, John," said Frank, "how do they fasten the shoes to the hoof?"

12. John touched the horse's leg, and Brownie at once lifted his foot. Then the children saw that the shoe was nailed to the hoof.

13. "How it must hurt to have that done!" said May.

14. "Oh, no," laughed John; "no more than cutting your finger nails hurts you. The hoof is the horse's toe nail. But now jump in, and we will go for a little drive."

15. The children were very glad to do this, so they jumped in and off they went.

How many letters are there in the word *another?*

Use these letters to make other words.

---

nose	grass	dash	breeze
noise	dress	crush	freeze
please	cross	fresh	squeeze

rōl′ĭng rōv′ĭng wēep bōld *w*họm o be*y*′

Lady Moon

1. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

2. Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

3. "Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

4. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

LORD HOUGHTON

I Ġeôrġe *wrōte* brī′dle vāin
Wąsh′ĭng tŏn ĕn joy′ rīd′ẽr plŭnġe
färm chânçe fā′vor ĭte truth
stōre′house sound măd′am blāme
II lĕt′tẽr III fŏnd ġĕn′tle men prāy

Little George Washington

I

1. You all know what a great man George Washington was. Perhaps you have seen pictures of him at the head of his army. But have you ever thought what kind of boy he was?

2. His home was on a farm near a great river. There were fields and meadows around the house, and so many barns and storehouses that it made almost a little town by itself.

3. Little George Washington used to play with his brothers, and he did many of the things that country boys do now.

4. He went fishing and swimming in the river, and he learned to shoot and ride.

5. One of George's older brothers was a

soldier, and the little boy liked to play that he, too, was a soldier. He and his little friends at school used to march around with cornstalks for guns.

II

6. One spring day George's father went into the garden and wrote the name "George Washington" in the soft earth.

7. Then he filled the letters with seeds. The warm spring rains made them grow. In a few days there was the name "George Washington" growing in fresh, green leaves.

8. Then Mr. Washington took George into the garden. The little boy ran about, looking at the flowers and plants. At last he saw his name growing there.

"Here is my name."

9. "O father," he cried, "come and see this! Here is my name growing in this bed. Who made it?"

10. "Why do you think anyone made it?" asked Mr. Washington. "Perhaps it grew by chance,"

11. "I am sure it did not," said George. "I never saw plants grow by chance so as to make one letter, and here is my name. I think you must have done it, father. Did you not?"

12. "Yes, my son," said Mr. Washington, "and I did it to teach you a lesson. Even a little thing like this does not come by chance. Then we may be sure chance did not make this beautiful world for us to live in.

13. "There is water for you when you are thirsty, and food when you are hungry. There are plants and animals to give you clothing. There are beautiful sights for you to see, and sweet sounds for you to hear.

14. "The world is full of things for you to use and to enjoy. Some one has done all this for you. He is wiser and stronger than I. He loves you even more than I do. This is what I want you to learn and remember."

15. "I will not forget it, father," said George, and he did not.

III

16. Mr. Washington died when George was still a small boy. Then Mrs. Washington had to take care of the home and the farm.

17. She was very fond of horses and had a number of them. Among them was a fine young horse which no one had been able to ride or drive. One day George and some of his friends saw this horse in a field.

18. "I know I can ride him," George said. "I am going to do it."

19. The other boys helped George catch the horse and put the bridle on it. Then George sprang upon its back. The young animal kicked and plunged. It tried in vain to throw its rider.

20. At last it gave a great plunge and fell to the ground dead. The boys were very much frightened.

21. "O George, how angry your mother will be!" one of them said. "This is her favorite horse. Do not tell her about it, and she will think that some of the men are to blame."

22. When the boys went in, Mrs. Washington

The horse tried in vain to throw its rider.

said, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my horses this morning? I hope great care is taken of them. I am told that my favorite has grown to be a fine large horse."

23. George said, "Your favorite is dead, madam. I killed him." Then he told the whole story.

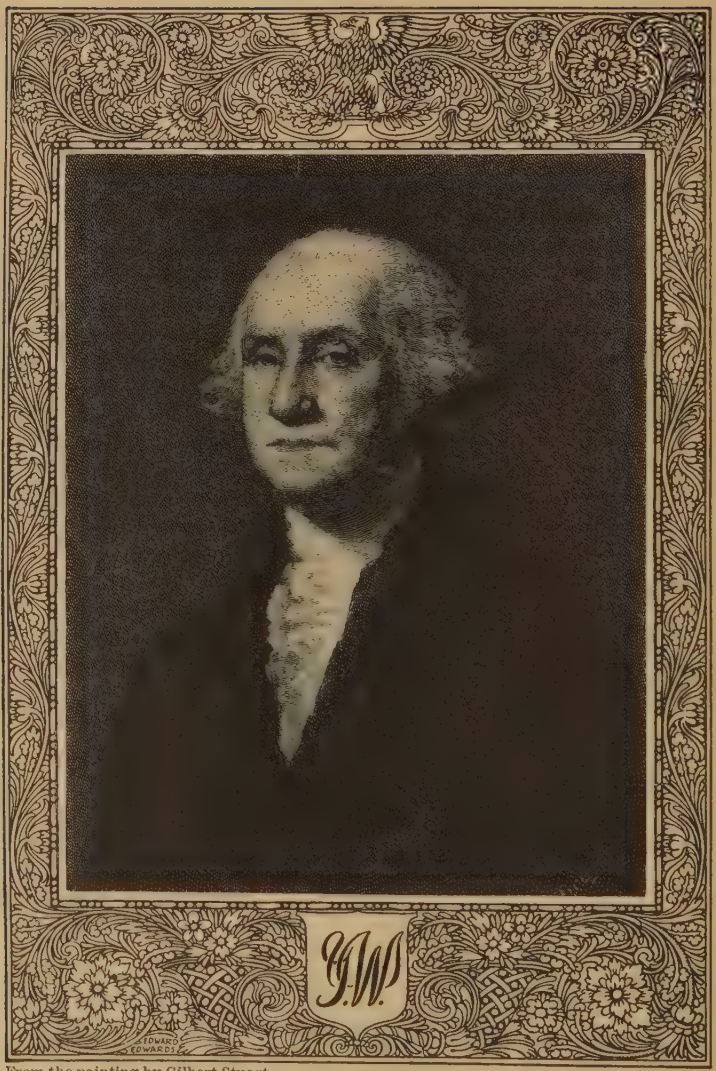
"Your favorite is dead."

24. His mother did not speak for a minute. Then she said, "I am sorry that my favorite horse is dead, but I am glad that my son always speaks the truth."

IV

25. There are three things you are to remember about Washington as a boy. He always told the truth, he was not afraid of anything, and he obeyed his father and mother.

26. If these things had not been true of him as a boy, he would never have grown up to be a great and good man.



From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

George Washington

ạu′thor	hō′lў	môr′tal	lĭb′ẽr tў
răp′tu̇re	thē*e*	sī′lenç*e*	Pĭl′grĭm
nā′tĭv*e*	rĭl*l*	prō̆ lŏng′	frē*e*′dȯm
thrĭl*l*	swĕl*l*	pär tāk*e*′	tĕm′pl*e*d

America

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH

Down came the milk.

pāi*l*	grănd	sĭlk	mĭs′trĕss
sĕl*l*	lŭck′ў	mĭlk′māi*d*	

The Milkmaid

1. A milkmaid did her work well; so one day her mistress gave her a pail of milk.

"You may sell this milk," she said, "and buy something for yourself."

2. The girl put the pail on her head and started to town. "What a lucky girl I am!" she said to herself. "I will sell this milk and buy some eggs.

3. "I will put the eggs under a hen, and she will hatch a fine brood of chickens. I will feed my chickens till they grow to be fat hens.

4. "I will sell my hens and buy a fine dress. It must be silk, and I think it shall be green. Yes, I will have a green silk dress. How fine I shall look in it!

5. "I shall be too grand to speak to the other maids on the farm. When I go by them, I will not even look at them. I will just toss my head,—like this."

6. She gave her head a toss and down came the milk, and with it all her great hopes.

---

alive	became	fasten	merry
alone	become	often	sorry

I sŭm	dą*ugh*′tẽr	III crŭst	IV sho͝ok
Mī′das	Măr′ў gōld	grō*a*ned	hāt*e*
mòn′*e*ў	strān′gẽr	cȯm′fort	shŭd′dẽred
spĕnt	săt′ĭs fў	ŭn hăp′pў	rĭd
hē*a*p	II tọ-mŏr′rō*w*	ĭm′ă*g*e	V spär′kled

The Golden Touch

I

1. Once upon a time there lived a king named Midas.

2. He was very rich. He had money enough to buy everything he could want all his life.

3. You would think he would not care for more. But the more money Midas had, the more he wished to have.

4. There was only one thing he loved as well as his gold. That was his little daughter Marygold.

5. Midas had a dark, strong room under his palace, where he kept his treasures. Here he spent much of his time, looking over them.

6. One day he was in his strong room.

Looking up from the heap of gold, he saw a stranger standing near him.

7. How could he have got into the room? Midas had come in alone and had fastened the door after him.

8. The stranger looked about him.

"You are a rich man, friend Midas," he said. "You have much gold, I see."

9. "I should like to have still more," said the king.

"Pray, how much do you want?" asked the stranger.

10. Midas stopped to think. Somehow he felt sure that this stranger could give him what he wished.

11. He thought and thought, but could not at once think of any sum that would satisfy him.

II

12. At last a bright thought came to him and he said, "I wish that everything I touch could be changed to gold."

The stranger smiled at this, and the whole room seemed to become brighter.

13. "The golden touch!" he cried. "Are you sure this will satisfy you? Will you never be sorry to have it?"

14. "Sorry!" cried Midas. "I should be quite happy."

15. "You shall have your wish," said the stranger. "To-morrow at sunrise the golden touch shall be yours."

He touched the roses.

16. The next morning Midas found to his delight that his wish had come true. Everything turned to gold under his touch. Even his clothes became cloth of gold, as he put them on.

17. After he was dressed, he went for a walk in his garden. It delighted him to see the roses change to gold as he touched them.

III

18. This morning walk made the king hungry, and he went in to breakfast. He and his little daughter, Marygold, sat down to the table.

19. But the king soon found that he could

not eat his breakfast at all. Can you think why?

20. Everything turned to gold as he touched it. Midas had the richest breakfast ever set before a king. But hungry as he was, there was nothing he could eat. A poor man with a crust of bread and a cup of water was better off than the king.

21. Midas groaned. Little Marygold heard him and ran to comfort him.

He kissed her and cried, "My dear, dear little Marygold!"

22. But Marygold made no answer. Her father's touch had changed her to gold. Instead of his dear little girl, there stood before him a golden image.

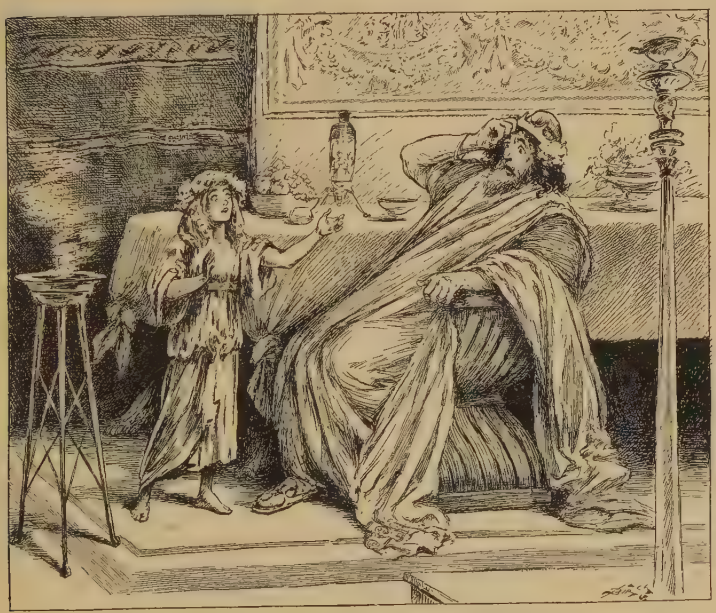
23. It would be too sad a story to tell you how unhappy Midas was. He would have given all his treasures to have had his dear child back again.

IV

24. All at once he saw before him the stranger who had come to him in the treasure room.

25. "Well, friend Midas," the stranger said with a smile, "how do you get on with the golden touch?"

26. Midas shook his head. "I am very unhappy," he said.



Her father's touch had changed her to gold.

27. "Very unhappy!" said the stranger. "Why is that? You said the golden touch was the one thing you wanted."

28. "Gold is not everything," said Midas.

"A cup of water or a crust of bread is better than gold. I would not have given my little girl for all the gold on earth."

29. "You are wiser than you were, friend Midas," said the stranger. "You see now that there are things in the world better than gold."

"I hate the golden touch!" said Midas.

30. Just then a fly lighted on his nose, but at once it fell to the floor. It, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

31. "I will tell you," said the stranger, "how to get rid of the golden touch. Go and bathe in the river which flows through your garden. Pour some of that water over anything which you wish to change to what it was before."

V

32. Midas ran to the garden at once, and plunged into the river. Then he took some of the water and dashed it over little Marygold.

33. You would have laughed to see the color come back to her face. Before long she was her dear little self again.

34. How happy Midas was! You may be sure he was glad to be rid of the golden touch.

35. But there was one thing which put him in mind of it as long as he lived. The sands of the river in which he had bathed sparkled like gold!

Marygold

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—ADAPTED

Write a story using these words:

Midas	money	loved	girl
stranger	wished	touched	gold
breakfast	turned	bathe	wiser

Copy and memorize:

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

wĕst′ẽrn sĭl′vẽr bābe wĕst

Sweet and Low

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest:
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Words in Second Reader

The following list will be useful for review exercises in enunciation, pronunciation, spelling, and language work.

ā′ble	ärt′ĭst	bĕnch	brânch
å bōat′ĭng	å shōre′	bḕ nēath′	brĕak′fast
å bôve′	āte	Bĕs′sĭe	brēathe
å crŏss′	äunt	bĕt′tēr	brēeze
å flōat′ĭng	a̤u′thor	bḕ twēen′	brīde
å frā/d′	å wōke′	bḕ yŏnd′	brĭdge
åft′ēr nōōn′		bĭg′gĕst	brī′dle
āge	bäa	bĭl′lў	brōke
å gō′	bābe	bĭt	brōk′en
Ăl′frĕd	bäck′wards	blāme	brōōd
Ăl′ĭçe Nēal	băg	blăn̲′kĕt	brōōm
å līve′	băn̲k	blīnd	brŏth
å lōne′	bâre	blōwn	brôught
å lŏng′	bär′leў	blŭnt	bu̇ild
a̤l rĕad′ў	bäs′kĕt	bŏd′ies̲	bŭnch
a̤l′wāys̲	bāthe	bōld	busy (bĭz′zў)
ăn̲′grў	bēad	bōl′stēr	bŭt′ton
ăn′ĭ mal	beâr	bōne	bŭzz
ănt′swēr	bēat′en	bōth	
ånt	bḕ cāme′	bŏt′tôm	cāke
ăp′ple-tärt	bḕ ca̤u̇s̲e′	bound	cāne
ärm	bḕ fōre′	bow′ēr	căp
är′mў	bḕ gĭn′	bōwl	câre
ăr′rant	bḕ gŭn′	bow-wow	căr′rў
ăr′rōw	bḕ lōw′	bŏx	căs′tle

cą*w*
chânç*e*
chānġ*e*
chärġ*e*
chärm′ĭng lў
chās*e*
chēe*k*
chĕs*t*′nŭt
chew (chụ)
chĭ*c*k
Ꞓhrĭs*t*′mas
chûrch
çĭr′cl*e*
clēa*n*
clīm*b*
clŏth
clōthe*ş*
clōth′ĭng
clōs*e*
clōş*e*
clōse′lў
clō′vēr
cō*a*l
cō*a*rs*e*
cŏ*c*k′ȧ dōō′dl*e* dōō′
Cŏ*c*k-lŏ*c*k
cȯm′fȯrt
cŏu tĕnt′
cōō
cŏ*o*k
cō*o*l
côr′nēr
cŏt′tą̊ġ*e*
cou*ş*′i*o*n
cȯv′ēr
cȯv′ēr lĕt
cow′ard
cră*c*k
crēa*m*
crĕpt
crōa*k*
crō*w*
crą*w*
crown′ĕd
crụ′ĕl
crŭm*b*
crŭsh
crŭst
cŭd
cūr*e*
cûrl
cụsh′i*o*n
dȧnç*e*
dăn′dė̊ lī ȯn
därk
därt
dăsh
dĕa*d*
dēa*l*
dė̊ lī*gh*t′
dė̊ stroy′
dew (dū)
dī*e*
dĭn′nēr
dĭ*t*ch
dŏc′tor
dȯn*e*
dōor
Dō′rȧ
dȯz′*e*n
Drāk*e*-lāk*e*
drą*w*
drēa*m*
drēar′ў
drĕs*s*
drew (drụ)
drīv*e*
drīv′ēr
drōop
drown
drŭm
drŭm′mēr
Dŭ*c*k-lŭ*c*k
dŭl*l*
dў′ĭng

ēa*r*th
ēa*r*th′ў
ēa*ş*′ў
ēat′*e*n
ĕeh′ō
Ē′d*e*n
Ĕd′ward
ēi′thēr
ĕls*e*
ĕlve*ş*
ĕnd
ĕn′ė̊ mĭe*ş*
ĕn joy′
enough (ė̊ nŭf′)
ĕn′vў
ė̊ tēr′nĭ tў
ē′v*e*n ĭng
ē′v*e*n
ĕx pĕct′

fā*i*l
fā*i*nt
fā*i*th′fụl
fą̊l′*e*n
fâr*e*
färm
färm′ēr
färm′hous*e*
fȧs′*te*n

făt
fā'thēr
fa*u*lt
fā'vor ĭt*e*
fē*a*r
fē*a*st
fĕ*a*th'ēr
fĕd
fēed
fēel
fē*e*l'ēr
fĕl'lō*w*
fĕlt
fĕnç*e*
few (fū)
fĭl*l*
fĭn*e*
fĭn'gēr
fĭn'ĭsh
fĭsh
fĭt
flăt
flō*a*t
flō*o*r
Flŏr'ĕnç*e*
Nī*gh*t'ĭn gā*l*e
flō*w*
flŭt'tēr
fō*a*m
fō*l*k

fŏl'lŏ*w*
fŏnd
fōōl
fŏr'ĕst
fŏr ĕv'ēr
fŏr gĕt'
Fŏx-lŏx
frā'grant
frēe'dŏm
frē*e*'lў
frĕsh
fri*e*nd'lў
frī*gh*t'*e*n
frō
frŏl'ĭc
frŏnt
fu*l*
fŭn'nĭ ĕst
fûr'rў

Găn'dēr-
lăn'dēr
ġĕn'tl*e*
ġĕn'tl*e* men
Ġe*o*rġ*e*
Wa*s*h'ĭng tŏn
gĭft
gĭv'*e*n
glā*ss*

gō*a*t
gŏb'bl*e*
Gŏd
gōld
gōld'*e*n
gŏŏd-bў*e*'
Gŏŏse-lŏŏs*e*
gown
grănd
grănd'mŏthēr
grā*ss*'hŏp pēr
grēed'ў
grīnd
grō*a*n
grŭ*dg*e
Grŭf*f*
gŭm
gu*e*s*s*

hăb'ĭt
hă*l*f
hănd'sŏm ēr
hăp'p*e*n
hăp'pĭ nĕs*s*
härd
härd'*e*n
härd'lў
hâr*e*
hāst*e*

hăt
hă*tch*
hāt*e*
hĕ*a*lth'ў
hē*a*p
hē*a*t
hē*a*th
hĕ*a*v'*e*n
hĕ*a*v'ў
hē*e*l
hĕl lō'
hĕlp'fu*l*
Hĕn-lĕn
hĭd
hĭl*l*
hīnd
hĭs*s*
hō
hō*a*rs*e*
hōld
hōl*e*
hō'lў
*h*ŏn'ĕst
hŏŏd
hŏŏf
hŏp
hōp*e*
hŏs'pĭ tal
hŏt
hŭg

hūġe
hŭm
hŭm'ble
hŭn'drĕd
hŭng
hŭnt
hŭnt'ēr
hụr räh'

īçe
ĭl*l*
ĭm'ăġe
ĭn dēed'
in'dĭ ą-
rŭb'bēr
ĭṇk
ĭn'sēet
ĭn stĕad'

Jăck Frŏst
jąw
jĕl'lў
Jŏhn
join
jŏl'lў
joy
jŭdġe

kēen
kĕpt
kēy'hōle
kĭck
kīnd'nĕss
kĭng
kĭt'ten
knew (nū)
knŏck
knōwn

lā'bor
lāid
lămb
lănd
lärġe
lătch
lāte
lā'zў
lēaf
lēarn
lēast
lĕath'ēr
lĕd
lĕft
lĕs'son
lĕt'tēr
lĭb'ēr tў
līe
līfe
lĭft
lĭl'ў
lĭmp
līne
lĭp
lĭs'ten
līveṣ
lŏck
lōne'lў
lŏst
loud
lōw
lŭck'ў
lў'ĭng

mă'am
măd'am
māid
Mā'rў
Măr'ў gōld
mâs'tēr
măt
mēan
mĕant
mēat
mēet
mĕr'rĭ lў
mĕr'rў
Mī'das
mĭd'dle
mĭd'dle-sīzed
mĭd'nīght
mīght
mīght'ў
mĭlk
mĭlk'māid
mīnd
mīne
minute
(mĭn'ĭt)
mĭss
mĭs'trĕss
mō'ment
mon'eў
moṇ'keў
môrn'ĭng-
glō'rў
môr'tal
mōst
moun'tăin
mous'ĭe
mouth
mọve
Mrs.
mŭd
mū'sĭc

nāil
nā'kĕd
nā'tĭve
nąugh'tў
nēed

nēe′dle
neigh′bor
nēi′ther
news (nūz)
nĕxt
nĭb′ble
nīçe
nīçe′lў
nō′ble
nō′bŏd ў
nŏd
noise
nŏne
nōse
nŏth′ĭng
notion
(nō′shŭn)
nŭm′bēr
nûrse
nûrs′ĭe

ŏ beў′
ocean(ō′shan)
ō′er
ŏf′ten
ō′pen
ought
ōwn

pāçe
păck
păd
pāil
pāin
pāint
pâir
pal′açe
pāle
pā′pēr
pärt
pär tāke′
pâss
pâst
pēarl
pĕck
pēo′ple
pēr hăps′
pĕt
Pĭc′cō là
pĭck
piēçe
Pĭl′grĭm
pĭl′lŏw
pīne
pĭt′ў
plāçe
plāin
plăn
plāў′fụl
plāў′māte
plēaşe
plŏd
plow
plŭnġe
point
pŏ līte′
pŏr′rĭdġe
pŏt
pōur
prāy
prâyerş
prĕş′ent
prĕss
prė tĕnd′
prettier
(prĭt′tĭ ēr)
prīçe
prīde
prŏ lŏng′
prŏm′ĭse
prŏp′ēr
prŏ tĕct′
proud

quạr′rĕl
quĭck′lў
quī′ĕt
quĭll
quīte

rāçe
rāke
răp′tūre
rĕad′ў
rē′al
rē′al lў
rĕd′dēr
rė joiçe′
rė mĕm′bēr
rĭch
rĭd
rīd′ēr
rīght
rĭll
rĭng
rōad
rōam
rōast
rŏb
rōll
rōōm
rōve
rōw
rụde
rŭm′ble

săd
sāfe
sāfe′tў
sāil

sāk*e*
sām*e*
sănd
Săn'tȧ Clą*us*
săt'ĭs fȳ
są*u*'çēr
sāv*e*
scăm'pēr
sc*e*nt
scrē*a*m
sē*a*rch
sĕl*l*
shăd'ȯ*w*
shāk*e*
shām*e*
shâr*e*
shĕl*l*
shọ*es*
shŏŏk
shọ*e*'māk ēr
shōōt
shôrt
sho*uld*
shō*w*
show'ēr
shrĭl*l*
shŭd'dēr
shŭt
sī*gh*t
sī*g*n
sī'lenç*e*
sĭlk
sĭl'vēr
sĭs'tēr
skī*es*
skĭp
slĕ*dg*e
slē*e*p'ў-
hĕ*a*d
slĕpt
slō*w*
slō*w*'lў
slŭg
smą*l*l
smĕl*l*
smīl*e*
snā*i*l
snăp
snŭg
sŏft'lў
sōld
sŏng
sŏr'rў
sôrt
sound
spāç*e*
spâr*e*
spär'kl*e*
spē*a*k
spĕnt
spī*e*d
spĭn
spōk*e*
spōōn
sprăng
squē*a*k
squēez*e*
stâ*i*r*s*
stą*l*k
stănd
stâr*e*
stĕ*a*d'ў
stē*e*l
stē*e*'pl*e*
stĕp
stĭng
stŏ*ck*'ĭng
stōl*e*
stŏp
stōr*e*'hous*e*
stō'rĭ*es*
stôrm'ў
strā*igh*t
strāng'ēr
strą*w*
strą*w*'bĕr rĭ*es*
strā*y*
strēam
strēet
strĕ*tch*
strīk*e*
strĭng
strīp*e*
stŭng
sugar
(shụg'ar)
sŭm
sŭp pōs*e*'
sûr prīs*e*'
swą*l*'lō*w*
swēep
swĕl*l*
swĕpt

tā'bl*e*
tăd'pōl*e*
tāk'*e*n
tāst*e*
tą*l*l
tą*l*l'ēr
tē*a*ch
tē*e*th
tĕm'pl*e*
tĕr'rĭ blў
tha*w*
*th*ē*e*
*th*ĕm sĕlv*es*'
*th*ĭck
*th*ī*e*f
thīrst'ў

thĭs′*tle*
thō*se*
*th*ō*ugh*
thrĕ*ad*
thrĭ*ll*
thr*o͝ugh*
thrŭsh
thŭn′dēr
tĭm′ĭd
tī′nў
tī*re*
tō*ad*
to-dā*y*′
tō*e*
toil
tōld
to-mŏr′rō*w*
tŏng*ue*
tōōl
tôr′to͡ĭs*e*
tŏs*s*
to͡ŭch
tō whē*e*′
tō whĭt′
town

trămp
treasure
(trĕzh′ŭr)
trē*at*
trĭ*ck*
trĭp-trăp
trŏd′d*e*n
trō*ll*
tro͡ŭ′bl*e*
tru͡th
tū′lĭp
Tûr′ke*y*-lûr′ke*y*
tûrn

ŭn hăp′pў
ŭn tĭl′
ŭp sĕt′
ūse′fu͡l

vā*in*
văl′le*y*
ve͡in
vĕx
vĭs͡′ĭt

wā*it*
wāke
wa͡n′dēr
wa͡r
wa͡sp
wāste
wa͡′tēr crĕs*s*
wāve
we*a*r
wē*a*′rў
wĕ*a*th′ēr
wĕb
wēed
wēep
wĕl′co͡me
wĕst
wĕst′ērn
wĕt
whīte′nĕss
*wh*ōle
*wh*o͡m
*wh*o͡͡s͡e

wīld
wīf*e*
wĭ*ll*′ĭng

wĭn
wĭnd′mĭ*ll*
wĭn′do͡w
wĭ͡nk
wĭs͡e
wĭs͡′ēr
wĭsp
wĭth′ēr
wo͡lf
wo͡lve͡s͡
wo͡n′dēr fu͡l
wo͝od
wo͝od′*e*n
wo͝ol
worker
(wûrk′ēr)
worse (wûrs)
wo͡͡u͡nd′ĕd
wōve
*w*răp
*w*rōte

yĕs′tēr dā*y*
yo͡ŭng′ĕst

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā *as in* hāte
ǡ *as in* senǡte
ă *as in* hăt
ä *as in* färˈ
ạ *as in* ạll
å *as in* åsk
â *as in* câre
ē *as in* mē
ė̄ *as in* bė̄lieve
ĕ *as in* mĕt
ē *as in* hēr
ī *as in* pīne
i̇̄ *as in* i̇̄dea
ĭ *as in* pĭn
ī *as in* sīr
ō *as in* nōte
ŏ *as in* viŏlet
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ū *as in* tūbe
ů *as in* pictůre
ŭ *as in* tŭb
ụ *as in* pụll
û *as in* fûr
oi, oy *as in* oil, toy
ou, ow *as in* out, now
o͞o *as in* mo͞on
o͝o *as in* fo͝ot

Equivalents

ạ=ŏ *as in* whạt
e͟=ā *as in* the͟y
ê=â *as in* thêre
ï=ē *as in* polïce
ī=ē *as in* bīrd
o͟=o͞o *as in* do͟
o͝=o͝o *or* ụ *as in* wo͝man
ô=ạ *as in* hôrse
ȯ=ŭ *as in* sȯn
ȳ=ī *as in* flȳ
y̆=ĭ *as in* hy̆mn

Consonants

c *as in* call
ç *as in* çent
ch *as in* chase
ch *as in* chorus
çh *as in* çhaise
g *as in* get
ġ *as in* ġem
s *as in* same
s̱ *as in* has̱
th *as in* thin
th *as in* this
n̲ (=ng) *as in* in̲k
x (=ks) *as in* vex
x̱ (=gs) *as in* ex̱ist

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